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Issue

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**4**  
**COMICS**  
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SPRING 2006 ISSUE



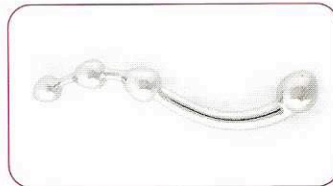
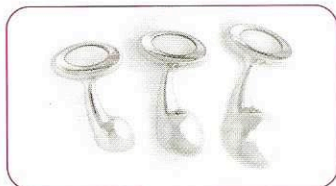
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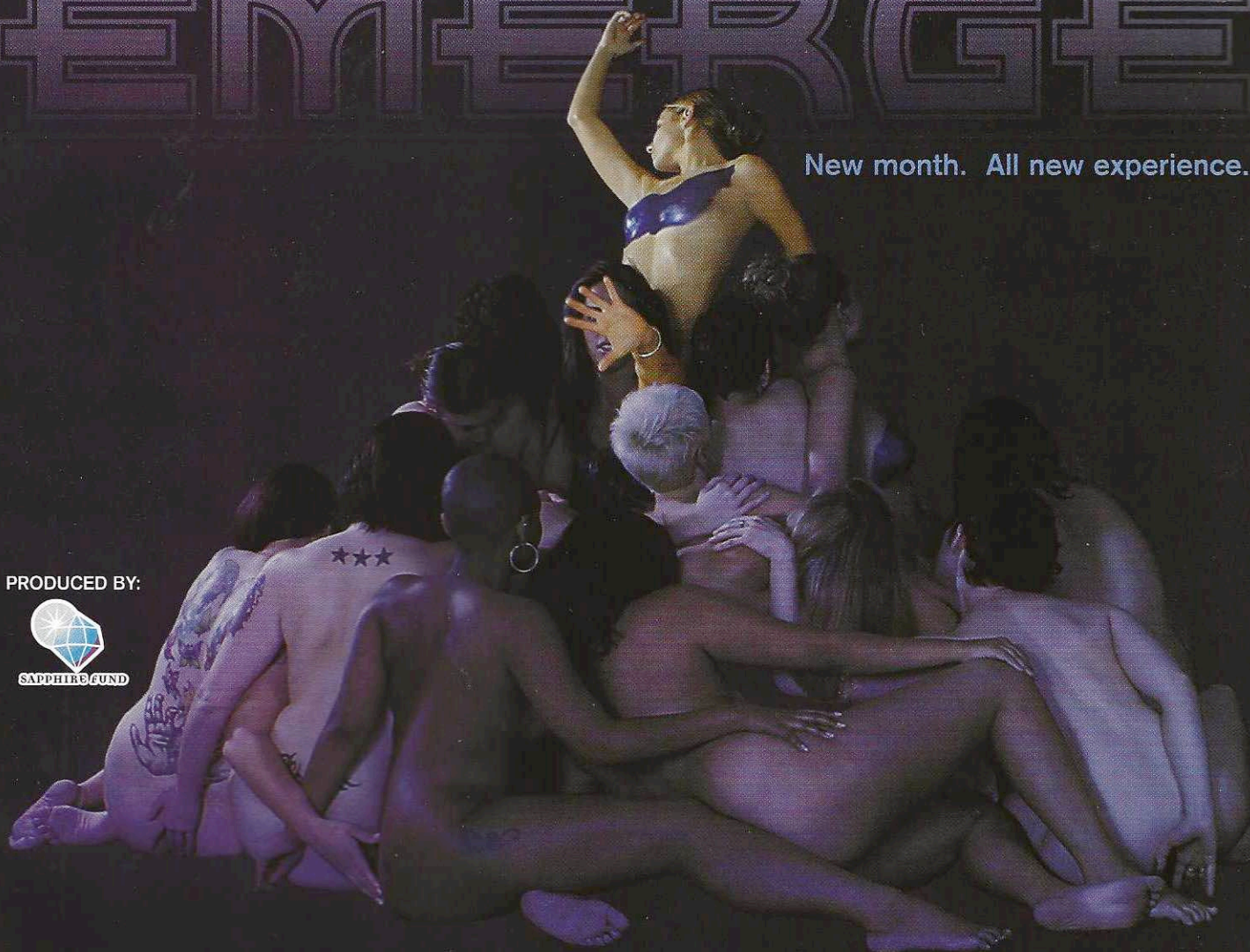


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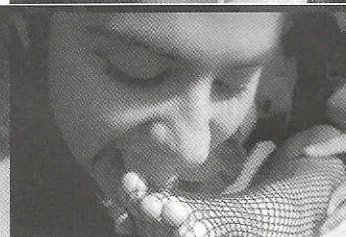
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Kate Clinton, photographed by David Rodgers



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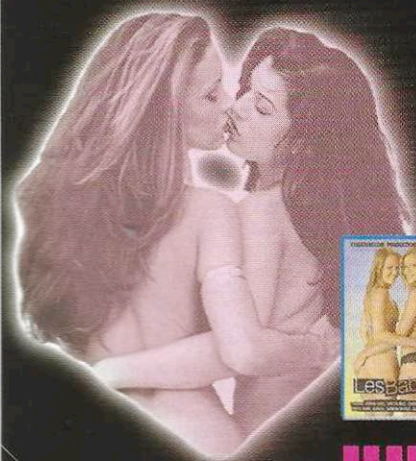
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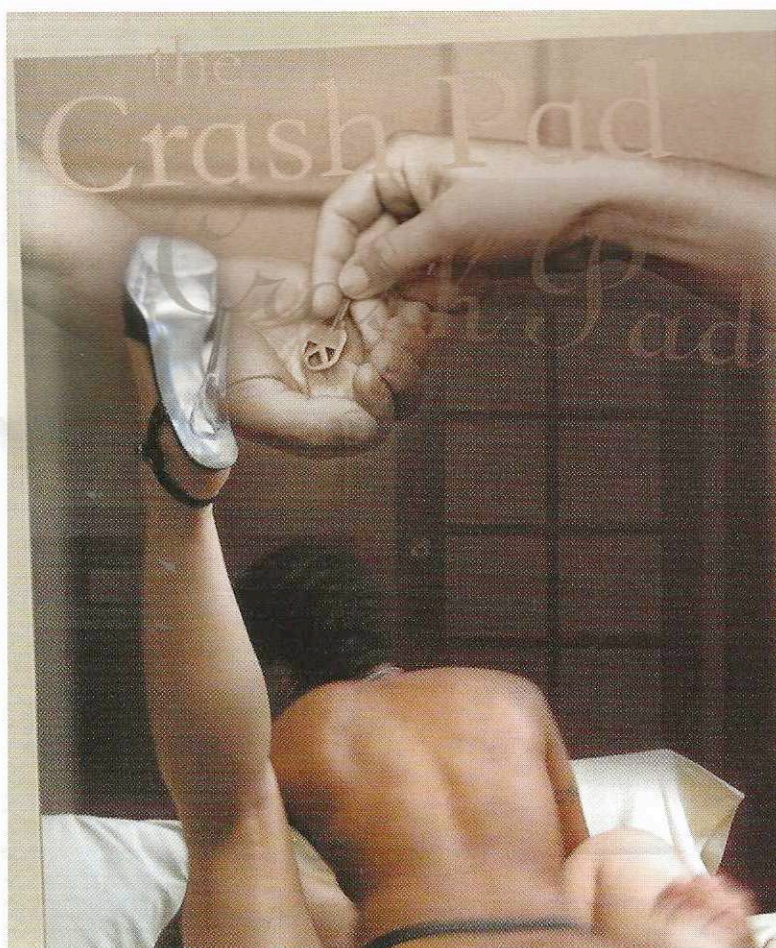
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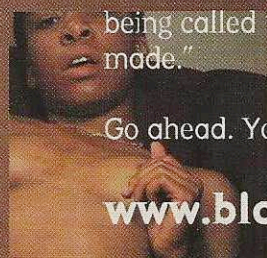


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**Blake C. Aarens's** erotica has appeared in *Aché: A Journal for Lesbians of African Descent*, the *Herotica* series, *Best American Erotica 1993*, and *Penthouse* to name a few. Her book *Wetting the Appetite: The Collected Erotic Fiction of Blake C. Aarens* is due in June from Suspect Thoughts Press. She's also writing an erotic sci-fi screenplay, *Still Life with Android*.



**Candace Sepulis** got a degree in philosophy, dropped out of film school, rejected her acceptance to art school, and now draws and designs for clients across the continent. She is currently finishing up a new short film that she hopes will follow in the footsteps of her first short and travel to film festivals around the globe. Check out [www.CandaceSepulis.com](http://www.CandaceSepulis.com).



S-H Parmeter

**Melissa West** is an Oakland-based artist who recently took the leap to concentrate on painting and illustration full-time. When not painting, she can be found hiking the California hills with her sketchbook, reading compulsively, or baking up a storm in the kitchen. You can see more of her artwork at [www.mswest.com](http://www.mswest.com).



Monica Holder

At the moment, **Fiona Zedde** is—to misquote a pithy bumper sticker—"the Jamaican artist currently known as starving," but she someday hopes to eat regular meals at the Ritz. Her debut novel, *Bliss*, was published by Kensington Books in 2005, and her second, *A Taste of Sin*, will be in stores in July.

# OnOurBacks

ADVENTURES IN  
LESBIAN SEX

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# Editor's Postcard

by Suzanne Corson

In this issue, we're going after your funny bone—in addition to the body parts that *On Our Backs* usually aims to arouse, of course. Sex and humor have always gone together: from flirtatious laughter shared on first dates to good-natured chuckling after sexual “mishaps.” In comedy clubs, sex has always been a favorite subject, and lesbian comedians—like our sexy, intelligent, and very funny cover girl Kate Clinton—are no exception, bringing our sex lives to their stages with hilarious results. We're very

*Watch Out For*, gave me a great overview of lesbian life in its diversity, complexity, and yes, humor. These books also showed me lesbian sex in its multi-paneled glory, as with main character Mo's first night with Harriet in *More Dykes to Watch Out For*. In addition to Alison's ground-breaking work, there are many other inky-fingered women out there with great characters and sexy storylines. Since they can't be found in the Sunday funnies, Pat Tong uncovers all the erotic strips you could want.

We were reminded that humor has always been a part of *On Our Backs'* history and editorial bent when we chose this issue's Flashback pictorial from our archives. The drawings in “A Day at *On Our Backs*” were proposed to then-editor Heather Findlay by a fan of hers who called herself Rachel Levine. Rachel wrote Heather and asked for photos of the staff, then drew them in compromising positions. The staff had a hoot over the alternate reality of the orgiastic drawings. Years later, however, when Heather read the obituary of legendary fetish illustrator Eric Stanton, she realized he was the jokester behind “Rachel.” We hope you find these illustrations amusing as well.

Speaking of staff, please join me in welcoming the new assistant editor for *On Our Backs*, Leila Walker. In addition to a long gig at Facts On File, she also once interned for the naughty website Nerve.com.

*On Our Backs* was founded in 1984 as a magazine for adventurous lesbians, feminists with a sense of humor, unafraid to laugh at themselves, and with each other, about their lives. Even our name is a pun. In the early eighties, the lesbian “sex wars” were in full swing, and the periodical *Off Our Backs* was one of the anti-porn stalwarts. Fortunately, in the past twenty years, they have become more sex-positive. We invite them, and you, to come underneath our covers and laugh with us. We'll tickle you all over. 

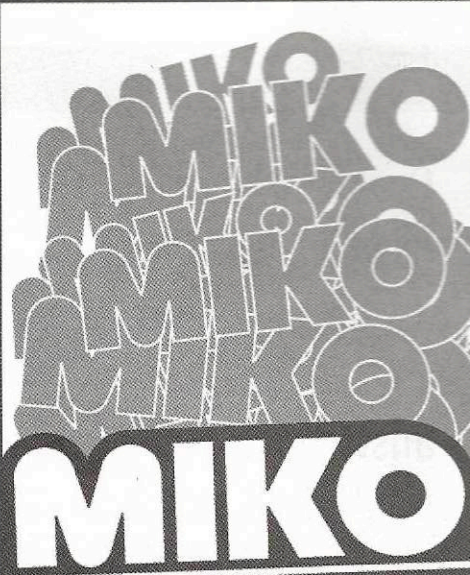


Arielle and I whipped up some fun before her photo shoot at the SF Citadel.

pleased to bring you an interview with Kate, on the occasion of her twenty-fifth anniversary tour, as well as Shar Rednour's profile of other fabulous funny women.

When I first came out, Alison Bechdel's series of comic strip collections, *Dykes to*

*Suzanne Corson*



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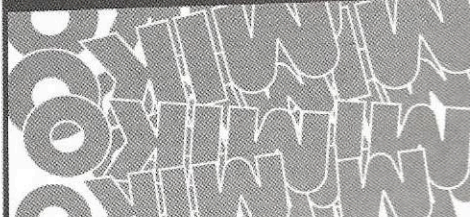
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# Letters

Our readers tell us how *On Our Backs* kept their holidays hot and seek out answers on the mysterious multiple orgasm.

## Wet in a Dry Spell

As someone who hardly has sex these days, you are my salvation! Keep up the good work. You keep me moist—down there. —*Lorraine, Winnipeg, Manitoba*

## Let's Hear It for the Bois

It was great to see some boi-on-boi action after so many butch-femme photo shoots! Thank you for keeping it diverse. —*Julie, Parkville, Kentucky*

## That Warm Holiday Glow

As a grrl who spent her winter trapped in a mall, reading about Midori's adventures was what truly made my holiday season jolly. Thanks for some much-needed relief! —*Carla Bailey, San Jose, California*

## Curious and Furry

The winter issue was chock-full of a wide array of tantalizing images, from the cover girl teasing with a playful tug on her red panties, to the centerfold couple bent over a sink and hanging on the towel rack, to the boi scouts' up-the-tree action. My only complaint—why must so many of the models be so well shaven? Where's the hair? —*Beverly Moore, Richmond, Virginia*

## Loves Lazar

I am extremely pleased with the illustration done by Alexandra Lazar for the story "You." I would love to see much more of her work in the future. It really enhanced my reading pleasure. Thank you. —*Dottie DeMarc, Miami, Florida*

## Ending the Year with a Bang

Omigoodness! I just flashed through the winter issue of *On Our Backs*. Whew! Did you save the



Phyllis Christopher

One more look at the bois from our winter issue.

best for last? I feel as though I've been rewarded for making it through the year. Definitely HOT! Thank you!

—*Heidi Becker, Berkeley, California*

## Scissor Sisters

Oh, wow. How hot is that? The "Hairitica" piece in your last issue just rocked my world. The combo of intimacy, respect, and heat that *On Our Backs* captures so well in photos and stories sometimes takes my breath away. I love that Annie Sprinkle was willing to be emotionally naked in "Hairitica" and then managed to demonstrate how woman-loving sex is a healing thing. And, also... I, um, think scissors are really sexy. I'm not sure why, but they really work for me. —*Deb Bryant, Cheverly, Maryland*

## Multiple Takes on the Orgasm

I was intrigued by Nina Hartley's claim ("Probe Nina," Fall 2005) that 60 percent of women have multiple orgasms and the other 40 percent probably can't. This was not only a new statistic for my rather well-acquainted mind, but also a reassurance to my girlfriend that she was not a "freak" after all. Later in the same issue, however, I came across Rebecca Chalker's assertion ("Researching the Stone") that *all* women are capable of multiple orgasms. So which is it? Can you learn to have them or not?

Should my girlfriend be satisfied with the status quo? —*Dani and LD, Madison, Wisconsin*

*Nina responds: As one who tried for twenty years to become multi-orgasmic, I can now say with confidence that there are multi girls and single girls, and that's just how it is. In all my life, I've had fewer than five of what I'd call multiple orgasms (more than one, complete with rhythmic pulsing of the pelvic floor muscles, during a session). As long as you're both happy with your sex life, don't waste time, effort, and tears chasing after something that might never happen. I have one, and only one, orgasm per session, but it's so big, long, and deep that it knocks me out cold. So, if you and your girlfriend are satisfied after lovemaking, give yourself a high-five and sleep tight. ☺☺☺*

## Correction

Editor's Postcard photograph on page 9 of the winter issue should have been credited to Trouble.

## Talk to us sweet; talk to us dirty.

Send your letters via email to [letters@onourbacksmag.com](mailto:letters@onourbacksmag.com); via fax to 415-648-4705; or write to *On Our Backs* at 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.



# FULL FRONTAL

## Media Whore



Jacqui Wong/AdMedia/Newscom



Reeta Durham - KPAZUMA Press/Newscom

clothes, but it was very hot." *An anonymous witness tells the New York Post's Page Six about Moss and Lohan's visit to the New York City strip club Scores.*

"People tell me that I am so feminine; that everything about me is so feminine, and I

Johansson shows off her boyish good looks.

Perabo pines for Keaton's posterior.

"I developed a huge crush on her [Diane Keaton]. She's fantastic, and she has a great ass—at 60. I don't even have an ass like that. She's fucking awesome. She's dazzlingly erotic and magnificent. She has beautiful hands." *Piper Perabo told contactmusic.com that playing a*

always think, 'No, not really.' And what stops me is that I know a lot of times I look at myself in the mirror, and I think there's something rather boyish about my face or that I look like a pre-pubescent boy some mornings, especially when my eyes are kind of swollen... I think it's very

sexy, and it makes people question their sexuality." *Scarlett Johansson remarks on her self-described androgyny, as reported by the Daily Dish.*

"I think we will continue to have a deep relationship. It really does go beyond just the sex. Whenever she [Angelina Jolie] calls me up, I visit her. It's not always the case that we have sex. Sometimes we go to her property in Cambodia and explore the jungle." *Jenny Shimizu reportedly told The Sun (U.K.) that her relationship with Jolie is ongoing. She has since denied giving the interview,*



Rysher Entertainment Inc.

Jolie and Shimizu first met on the set of *Foxfire* (1996).

*lesbian in Imagine Me and You was no problem since she had a crush on Diane Keaton when they made Because I Said So.*

"Kate [Moss] was going wild. After a few songs, Lindsay [Lohan] jumped onstage with her. They were swinging on

the pole with their arms around each other's waists, kissing each other, caressing each other, just acting like strippers. The crowd was cheering them on the whole time. They didn't take off any

### I look like a pre-pubescent boy some mornings.

*and told On Q Live, "She and I have a relationship, the same way that I have relationships with my friends or my mother. It doesn't necessarily mean that we're having sex."* **009**

## BackTalk

### What was your most humorous sexual experience?

compiled by Tina Sogliuzzo and Leila Walker

My girlfriend was horny and had the hiccups. She was trying to turn me on by licking my nipples but would hiccup about every minute, and I kept cracking up. She eventually gave up. —*Julie, Parkville, Kentucky*

When I was twenty-one, I had a lover seventeen years older than me, and she was very wild! Once she talked me into unzipping her jeans and jerking her off as we stood in the front row of a Joan Jett concert! Wow. I think Joan saw us, because she looked our way and laughed! Talk about being busted! Needless to say, that turned me on even more, and we had sex in the bathroom after the concert as well. —*Tracy, Euless, Texas*

My ex and I used to have some of the weirdest sex, intentionally and unintentionally. For example, one time she was lying on the bed with her feet in the air, and I, naked at the time, ran to the bed and jumped on top of her—accidentally landing my pussy right on her big toe! Another time we came up with "cunt calling," a sexual technique that involved calling her voicemail while her condom-wrapped cell phone was inside my pussy. The recording sounded quite loud and scary, like a swamp monster eating dinner. Eek! —*L, West Hollywood, California*

Quote while getting punch-fucked: "You fuck me so good...well! You fuck me so well!" Oh, the pain of having an English major as a girlfriend. —*Saranique, Oakland, California*

I had a really hot date who had never been tied up before, and there she was, tied up in my bed and ready to party. I went to the bathroom to put on my strap-on, and when I returned, a drunk frat boy was stumbling around in our living room. I threw my dick at him, and he ran out, saying, "Y'all are some kinky bitches." —*Kinky Bitch, Olympia, Washington*

*What does diversity mean to you and how has it shaped your sex/love life? Send your BackTalk to editor@onourbacksmag.com.*



## Where the Wild Things Are

More kissing and telling from our traveling diva.



Birds do it, bees do it, but do lesbians really do it? Sure, you see wildly fornicating Sapphic hotties in this magazine, but have you wondered where they are? In my travels and time back in San Francisco, I keep looking for

really brave, or just pathetic, you might go to the club solo. (Panthers, black widows, and shrews go for this.) So you pack a small trick set of lube and gloves in your pocket/purse/saddlebags. After all that preparation, maybe you look in the mirror and decide it's just too damned much trouble and turn to look for the remote control. (The panda, a solitary creature who requires great energy to do anything, simply stays in its forest and eats bamboo.)

Finally, you make it to the gig. Maybe it's a poetry reading at the local women's bookstore, or perhaps a golf social for the lavender-collared professional set. Maybe you're at a women's music festival or some dark club with hot beats spun by the local darling DJ mixtress. Excitedly you scan the full and attractive crowd. Your

though this mag does list the ones it knows about in the Sex and Leather Events calendar on page 79. Hmm, perhaps there's a reader out there who could start a website?

In the meantime, here are some of my favorite sexual dyke events:

**The Wet Spot:** Seattle, Washington. Sex-positive space with loads of women's events. [www.wetspot.org](http://www.wetspot.org)

**Desire:** Palm Springs, California. Annual women's sex fest. [www.desireleatherwomen.com/about.html](http://www.desireleatherwomen.com/about.html)

**Spam:** Brooklyn, New York. Mixed-gender queer party with a women's space. [www.submitparty.com](http://www.submitparty.com)

**SheDogs:** Halifax, Nova Scotia. Women's sex bathhouse.

[www.venusenvy.ca/Halifax/bathhouse](http://www.venusenvy.ca/Halifax/bathhouse)

**Bang 4 the Buck:** Seattle, Washington, and San Francisco, California. Annual event I co-produce (Ok, shameless plug!) to raise money for AIDS LifeCycle. [www.Bang4theBuck.com](http://www.Bang4theBuck.com)

## Save the folk songs: go to a dyke fuck fest.

them, but I just can't seem to find them. Or is it that I smell and no one's told me?

So, let me ask you if this sounds familiar... It's a Saturday night and you decide to go to a women's/wimmin's/womyn's event in the hope of getting lucky. You go fantasizing that you might meet the kind of attractively crazy women who'd pose for pictorials in *On Our Backs*. You agonize over what to wear so you won't come off as clueless or fashion-obsessed, desperate or insecure, and still appear enticing to your future ex-girlfriend. You may choose to go in a pack, among friends, for safety in numbers. (Think gazelles and small-prey-animal survival behavior). Or perhaps you decide to call a buddy to go out with you, someone whom you hope will conveniently get lost when "she" appears but miraculously reappear when "she" turns out to: a) be a psycho, b) reject you, c) have a possessive girlfriend, or d) be a psycho cling-on with a murderously jealous girlfriend who won't take your rejection. (Think cheetahs in paired-hunting tactic.) You also have to make sure that your buddy isn't going to get all the attention or go for the same type of gal, so make certain to call the bud that goes for the chicks you'd never consider. (Strategy of the sucking remora.) If you're feeling

hopes rise. Then you realize that other women are huddled tightly in groups, paired off, or skulking around alone, and no one meets your smiles. No one's taking your cruise. Your hopes sink and bring you down like a pair of concrete shoes. You feel you: a) are too old, b) are too young, c) are not with the right in-group, or d) can't stand these idiots. Dejected, you go home where your faithful vibrator awaits you.

Apparently I'm not alone in this experience. Wherever I go, my lezzie friends bemoan the same sad state of their local scene. All of them are equally convinced that it's better in other places. I've heard the same in London, San Francisco, Berlin, Amsterdam, Toronto, and Vancouver. Never mind lesbian bed death—can we talk about lesbian pussy paucity?

Tired of too many nights spent loving the Magic Wand, I've found one way to get around this tragic social trend. I go directly to women's sex events. Save the folk songs: go to a dyke fuck fest. Women's sex events don't happen too often, and many may require you to travel a bit, but they're worth it. The problem is how to find out about them. Currently there are no central information resources or website calendars that list the events the way the gay boys' events do,

Women go to these events looking to connect. You can get direct and flirt outright. Just remember to ask for their clear consent in between the sexy small talk. Be gracious and be sincere. Ask for what you want. Remember that a "no" is just a "no," and it's not personal. Thank them and move on. What if things get hot? Enjoy. Oh, and have a set of personal contact info cards ready in advance. You can give a card to someone with a nice personal note should you decide you want to see that person again. Happy hunting! ☺

(Ed: San Francisco's Bang 4 the Buck 2005 raised \$1,780 after expenses. One hundred percent of that went to AIDS LifeCycle 5.)

Midori is a globetrotting kinkster who parties and teaches cool classes on fun sex and wild kink all over the world. Check out her latest book, *Wild Side Sex: The Book of Kink*, or go to her website, [www.fhp-inc.com](http://www.fhp-inc.com). Send letters, responses, and questions to Midori at [midori@fhp-inc.com](mailto:midori@fhp-inc.com).



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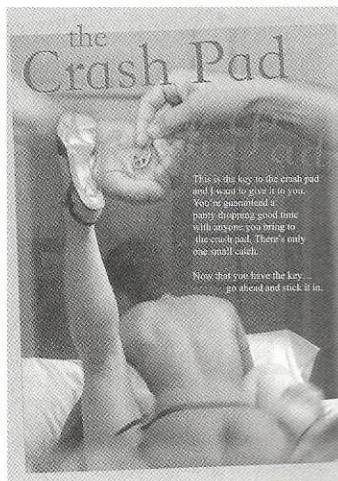
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## Watch It



### THE CRASH PAD

[Pink and White Productions/Blowfish Video, 2005]  
You know a porno is good when you bust it out at an *Adult Video News* screening party and a room full of jaded libertines stop making snarky comments and watch the whole show in silence. This is authentic dyke porn, with an all-dyke cast and crew, but it's so hot it transcends all that. You've got a group of sexy queer women, all of them beautiful, most of them real-life couples,

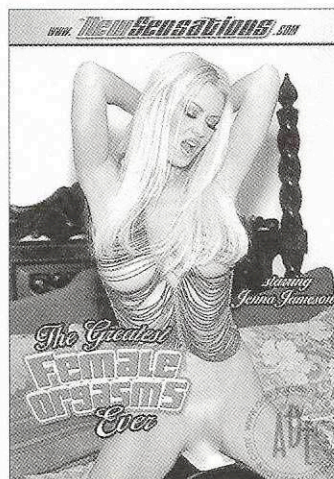
who have mind-blowing sex with each other. The video opens with a double-penetration threeway involving two cute butches and a hot-ass femme, then moves on to a butch-femme scene complete with lots of oral sex, a big cock, and screaming, squirty Os. There's also boi-on-boi wrestling—winner gets rim job, loser gets shot in the face! And it winds up nicely with a sexy solo jerk-off scene.

Diana Cage

### THE GREATEST FEMALE ORGASMS EVER

[All-Media Play, 2005]  
This DVD is a symphony of screaming, squealing, sweet-talking porn stars, with Jenna Jameson as their rightful composer. Their instrument? The Sybian, the industry's most infamous sex machine. These ladies are extremely femme, flirty, fascinating porn queens straddling leather sex roller coasters, and better yet? No boys allowed! There's even some tame choking, spanking, and SM.

My favorite Sybian sweetie



was Domino, who had the look of a naive college freshman with the vocabulary of a seasoned phone slut. One choice quote, as she rubs her clit up and down the growling machine: "Who needs men? Not me!" *Courtney Trouble*

### LUBE JOB

[Raging Stallion Studios, 2005]  
This sexfest fulfills all the requirements a gay girl might have for her gay-guy porn. First, *Lube Job* is really gay. The stars like each other (Marc Williams

and Cory Koons have a relatively tender moment on top of a desk) as much as they love themselves, as in a long self-pleasuring



sequence. Second, the actors are tastefully groomed, colorfully tattooed, properly buffed, and enjoy a happy absence of back hair. Finally, modern femmes have to love Koons, who gives it up so inspiringly to all the dudes the whole way through—girlfriend deserves a power-bottom Oscar. *Anna Noyes*

### BELLADONNA: PORN'S CLASS CLOWN

Porn flicks so bad they're laughable are a dime a dozen. More like a nickel a dozen, if you know where to go. You've no doubt seen them: Poor dialogue, cheesy plot lines, stiff acting, and bored or pained-looking seductresses. For porn that's amusing, even playful, check out the genre's class clown: *Belladonna*.

Tattooed, gap-toothed, flexible, and funny, Belladonna is in fine form as director and star of the all-girl feature *Evil Pink* (Evil Angel, 2003). Belladonna looks and talks directly at the camera throughout the film. In one scene, when the teeny-bopperish porn

star Cytherea ejaculates all over Belladonna's face, Belladonna's reaction is so genuine—surprise mixed with awe—you can't help but chuckle.

"Oh my God! Holy shit! Oh my God!" yells Belladonna, looking directly into the camera.

"I can do it again," says Cytherea.

"You guys, she can do it again!"

Belladonna bellows at the camera. And then she does it again. Funny! And, um, hot.

Check out *Evil Pink* (or any of Belladonna's other 200 flicks) to see the self-proclaimed "energetic, crazy, and just nasty" porn queen in all of her glory. *Judi Baker*





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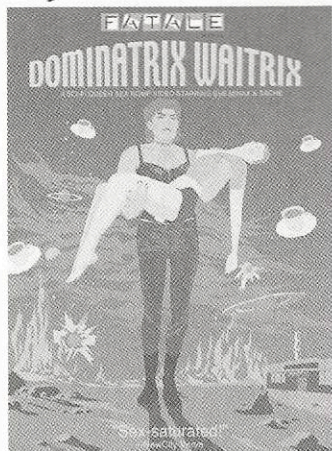


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## Try It

### TEX / VIXSKIN™

[Vixen Creations, \$93]

Unlike other "realistic"-feeling toys, Vixen's new dildo is easy to take care of and won't fall apart or "flake away" after the first few uses. Tex, the first in the VixSkin™ line, is five and one-half inches of flesh-like, firm, premium silicone that warms up with use. The flared base is suitable for harness use. Tex can be washed with soap and water (or sterilized by boiling for three minutes). It's a bit too small for this size-queen, but we did have some fun backdoor play with it. *Lindsay Lordon*

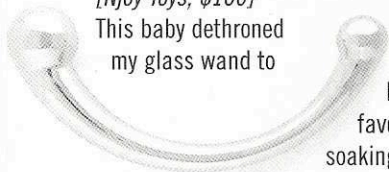


dildos, a harness, vibes, bottles of lube, condoms, DVDs, and lingerie. The inside is waterproof, so if anything spills, cleanup is easy. Sewn-in loops hold bottles secure and upright. My only wish would be for a shoulder strap. Otherwise, this handheld bag, available in red, pink, or black faux crocodile skin, is just the thing for a portable toy bag. *Suzanne Corson*

### NJOY PURE WAND

[Njoy Toys, \$100]

This baby dethroned my glass wand to



become my favorite sheet-soaking G spot toy of all time, and that is no small feat. Hand-crafted out of medical-grade stainless steel, it's pretty enough to leave on the coffee table when the folks are in town. The design is exquisite. Each end of the ten-inch shaft ends in a larger or smaller ball shape, and the angle is handy for solo as well as partner play. It comes in a lovely padded box for safekeeping, and it can literally last a lifetime. You can be buried with your sex toys like Tutankhamen, if that rocks your boat. *Diana Cage*

### DEVINE SATCHEL

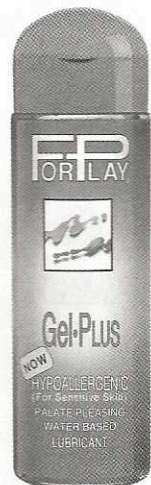
[Devine Toys, \$45]

I'm always carrying toys, lubes, and such back and forth from one place to another. Devine Toys has made this not only easier but also more stylish with their new satchel. About fourteen and a half inches long, five inches high, and five inches wide, the bag easily holds

### FORPLAY GEL-PLUS HYPOALLERGENIC LUBE

[Trimensa, \$5.99/2.5 oz.]

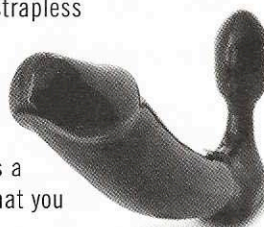
This gel has a thick consistency that feels, well, clean—it doesn't conjure up unappealing comparisons to mucous, for example. And it has the added benefit of being hypoallergenic, so my sensitive skin survived its use without any residual unpleasantness. Containing chamomile extract, this pleasant lube works well with no smell or staining and a subtle, sweet taste. *Lindsay Lordon*



### FEELDOE STOUT

[Tantus Silicone, \$98]

This dyke-designed strapless double dildo is arguably the most well-designed double dildo in existence. One end is a thick silicone plug that you



insert vaginally and the other end is a cock-shaped shaft that you can insert, well, anywhere you like that kind of thing. I've loved the original Feeldoe for years, and this larger version is sexy as hell and feels as good as it looks. Made of gleaming black silicone, the ridged area at the base of the shaft stimulates the wearers' clit, and the optional vibrator makes the whole thing buzz. *Diana Cage*

### BUCKLING COLLAR WITH NIPPLE CLAMPS

[JT's Stockroom, \$34.50]

Double-duty toys are such fun: Debauchery and efficiency in one handy gadget. Get your girl in this sleek, black leather collar and apply the nipple clamps, oh-so-conveniently attached to the collar by twelve-inch chains. The look is

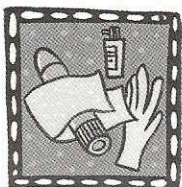


very hot, and the adjustable clamps with non-slip, plastic-tipped ends do their job admirably. If you have more than one playmate, you can always collar one and attach the clamps to another. Or use the clamps or collar by themselves; the chains are attached to the collar with an easy-to-remove split ring. *Lindsay Lordon*





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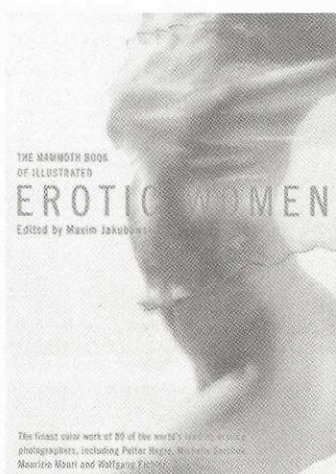


## Read It

### THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF ILLUSTRATED EROTIC WOMEN

Maxim Jakubowski, editor  
[Carroll & Graf, \$19.95]

Contrary to what the title might have you believe, this stunning and somewhat racially homogenous collection of erotic photographs features no

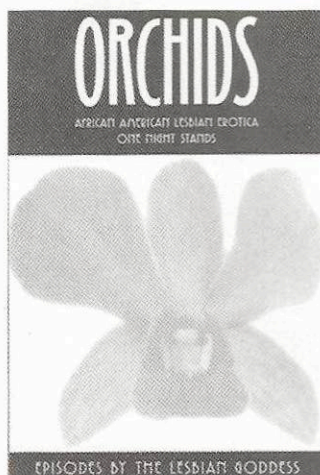


illustrations, but its slender women are certainly lovingly, fetishistically, and erotically portrayed. Lots of big-name erotic photographers contributed to this volume, including *OOB* faves Heather Corinna and Michele Serchuk, although the absence of Phyllis Christopher was conspicuous. While some of the photographs feel overly familiar in a bad porn sort of way, the majority of the work is raw and visually arresting. Overall, it should withstand many visits without feeling old.  
*Stefani Barber*

### ORCHIDS: AFRICAN AMERICAN EROTICA ONE-NIGHT STANDS

*The Lesbian Goddess*  
[Q & T, \$12]

I opened this book with lots of

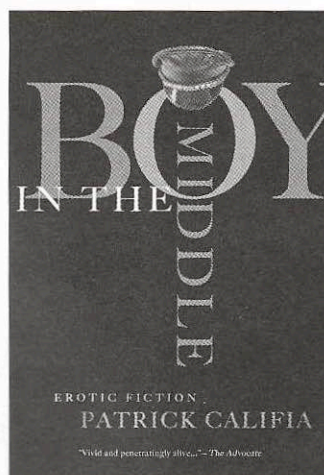


horny anticipation. Unfortunately, the contents didn't live up to the marketing. The writer seems to confuse "quickies" with "one-night stands" and skimps on all the juicy details that make telling (and reliving) a steamy episode that much more fun. The images that accompany the stories are packed with turn-on power, but the stories are riddled with clichés, and so much stabbing finger penetration that I was almost yelping out loud in pain.  
*Blake C. Aarens*

### BOY IN THE MIDDLE: EROTIC FICTION

Patrick Califia  
[Cleis Press, \$14.95]

This collection features the story crafting of Patrick Califia, a prolific writer of literate, nasty, and hot porn, essays, and novels. Many of these stories have appeared in other anthologies, but to read them as a collection is to experience a delicious mélange of proclivities, identities, expressions, couplings, fetishes, styles, and, yes, tastes. From the kink in the title story to the role play in "Flannel Nightgowns and

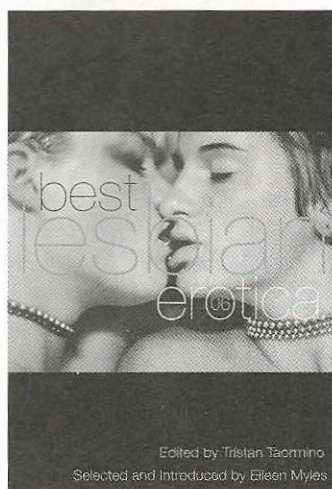


White Cotton Panties," from the mystery of "Above All the Lights" to the lesbian vampire in "The Only One Who Can Save Her," this book will keep you up all night.  
*Suzanne Corson*

### BEST LESBIAN EROTICA 2006

Tristan Taormino, series editor  
Selected and introduced  
by Eileen Myles  
[Cleis Press, \$14.95]

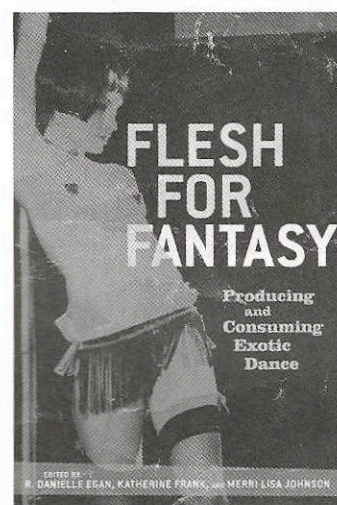
This collection made me clench and squirm and wet myself. It's full of some wonderfully dirty writing, from Renee Rivera's gender-bent "Jubilee" to the rough



reverence of Anna Bishop's "Virgo Intacta." S. Bear Bergman's romantic "Silver Dollar Afternoon," one of the gems, includes the description of a sex toy that's now on my personal wish list. This marvelously varied collection will have you turning pages with one hand, moving your hips in that certain rhythm, and flowing.  
*Blake C. Aarens*

### FLESH FOR FANTASY: PRODUCING AND CONSUMING EROTIC DANCE

R. Danielle Egan, Katherine Frank,  
and Merri Lisa Johnson



[Thunder's Mouth Press, \$15.95]  
*Flesh for Fantasy* aims to demystify the world of erotic dance, from the point of view of both performers and male customers. Most of the essays reflect the white, middle-class, educated, feminist milieu of the editors. The queer content (if you could call it that) is mainly limited to a straight white male describing his first initially terrifying, but ultimately triumphant, erotic reading in front of an audience of hard-core

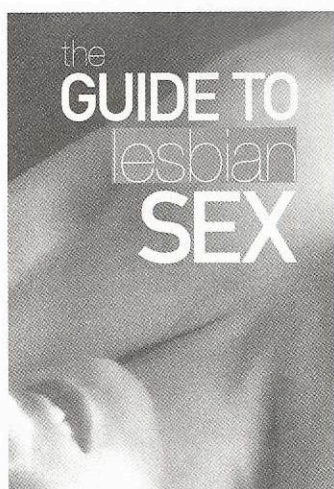


dykes. The strongest contribution is "How You Got Here," which departs from the other, sometimes repetitive descriptions of the nuts and bolts of club life and makes the reader the center of the story. *Stefani Barber*

### THE GUIDE TO LESBIAN SEX

Jude Schell

[Hylas Publishing, \$19.95]



This glossy coffee table-style book is more overview than "how to." Presented in an encyclopedic format similar to the classic *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, it takes twenty-first century license to include terms such as "fuck," "wet," and "kink." The many photos of femme-looking lesbian couples may explain why the "desire" section says that "sometimes" opposites attract. (This section also seems to confuse sexual attraction with falling in love.) Photos of a greater variety of types of women would have been welcome, but the entries themselves are fun and should be informative and inspiring for novices.

*Suzanne Corson*

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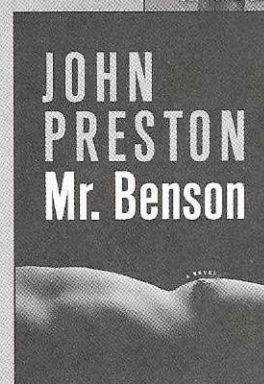
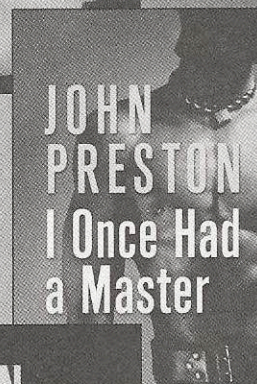
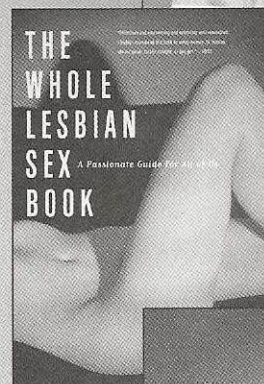
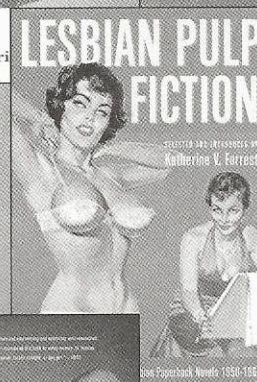
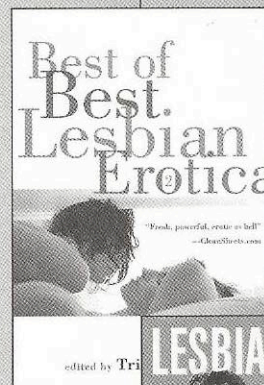
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## Bad Sex

Can competing for bad sex be good?

Illustration by  
Laurenn McCubbin



I believe that all consensual sex is basically good sex, and that sex is a beautiful and lovely thing. But lately I've been wondering if it's possible to have a sexual experience that isn't, well, pure or holy or wonderful. Naturally everyone has a few regretful encounters here and there, but they usually happen by accident or from poor judgment. What I've been thinking about is intentionally creating a bad sex scene, of

**A puff of stale coffee breath hit me between the eyes. Kay whispered seductively: "I haven't brushed my teeth for three days."**

testing the hypothesis that you can't go wrong where sex is involved. I'm not talking about abusive or mean sex, just

bad sex, the kind of thing that would make you go "Ew."

Luckily, my slightly competitive girlfriend Kay was game. She vowed that she could beat me at bad sex hands down, so we both began to plan our Bizarro Land seduction scenes. Instead of soft music, champagne, a crackling fire, satin sheets, massage oil, and sweet talk, we'd be knocking on the door of Orwell's Room 101.

My friend Amanda spends hours curating her underwear before a hot date. Seduction outfits always require effort, but bad sex requires anti-effort, thus I would affect the bagged-out sweatpants, stained nightshirt, and graying cotton undies that form my favorite slobwear. My girlfriend didn't take this route; she turned up on the night of our bad sex date looking as gorgeous as usual, although there was a sting in the tail.

"I've got a surprise for you," she said, pulling my face toward her for a big fat kiss. I puckered up and then...argh! A puff of stale coffee breath hit me between the eyes. Kay whispered seductively: "I haven't brushed my teeth for three days." Score one for the girlfriend.

I led her out to my garden. Garden is too kind a word for this patch of weeds, dirt, dog wee, vermin, and broken concrete that exists at the back of my place. It's tawdry, damp, cold, and I thought it would make the perfect al fresco bad sex venue.

We got straight down to business. My biggest problem with invoking bad sex is that most yucky things have already been eroticized; you only need to Google "scat" for proof of this.

Shit-eating would be off the menu as too obviously gross for us, so instead we would indulge in a spot of booger-play, a less showy but similarly disgusting practice. I fixed Kay with a meaningful stare. With one hand I started pawing awkwardly at her clothes and with the other I made for my

nose. I teased her a little with some index finger/nostril foreplay, and then I dug right in. I'm not telling you what I found up there—some things are sacred—but it was impressive nevertheless. Score one for me.

To my mind, bad sex invariably involves the use of improvised sex toys. The homemade stuff may be as effective as the overpriced shop-bought stuff, but at the end of the day

you're still being fucked with a carrot up your ass. Where's the dignity in that? Kay knows my bugbear about all this and decided to grab what was handy—a rusty shovel and a ball of garden twine—to show me what's what.

I gingerly got down on my hands and knees and picked my way through the bits of garbage that float into my garden from the nearby road. I braced myself, Kay spanked me with the shovel's end, and then threw the twine at my head—it bounced off. I love a good spanking, but this was off the scale of badness. My arse became caked with flecks of rust and ancient soil, which itched like mad. I was suffering the badness, and Kay was in danger of winning. It was time to play my trump card.

"Hey, Dad," I called over my shoulder.

"Dad?"

"Yeah, Dad," I replied.

Kay asked: "You want me to be the daddy?"

"Yeah," I said, "Your dad."

"My dad? You want me to roleplay my *real* dad?" She couldn't believe her ears.

"Yep, and I'll be your mum. We can have a fuck, just like they do!"

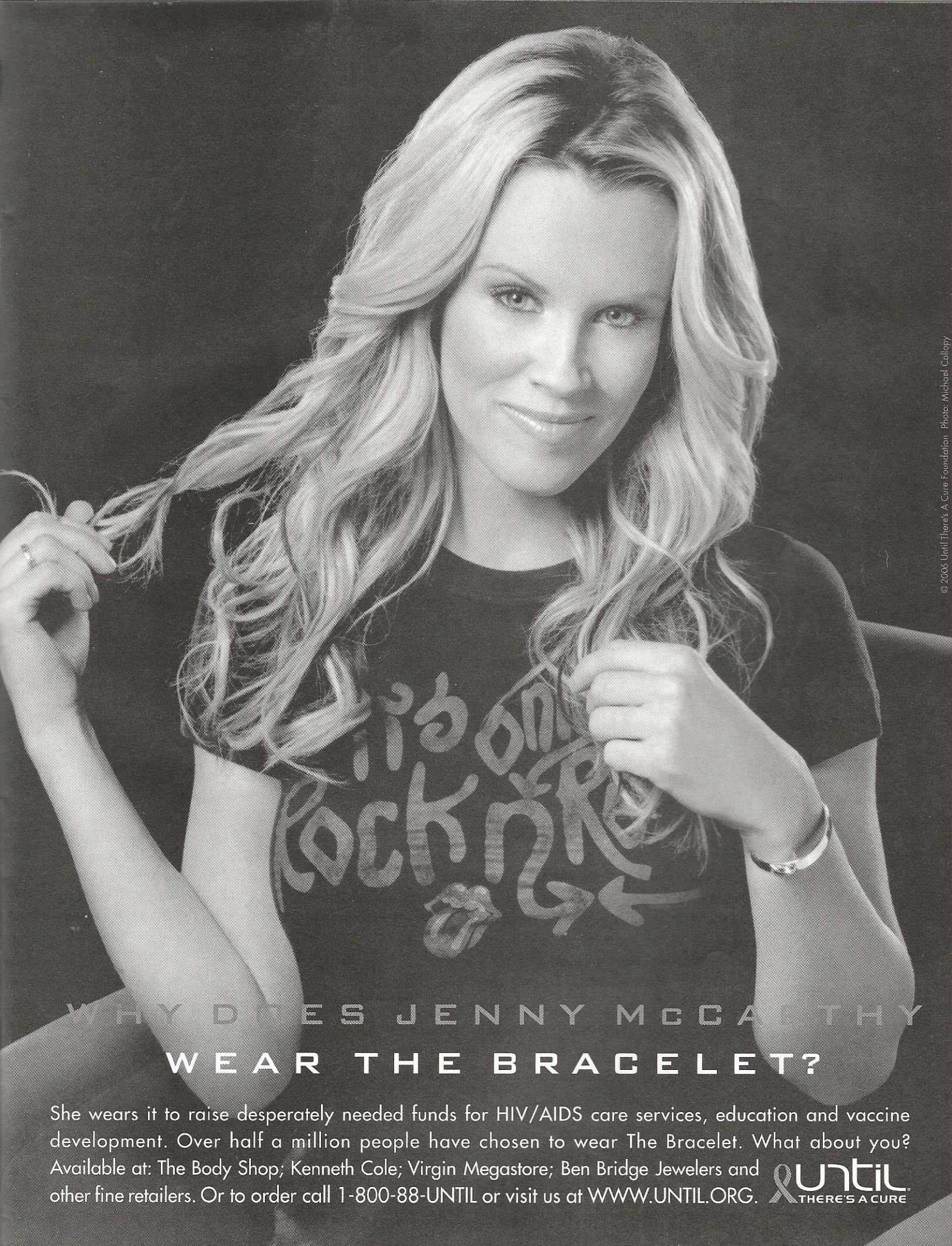
There was a pause, a sigh, and then, "Ok, time out. I can't go there. We've got to stop. You win."

We went inside where it was warm and had some proper sex, the good old-fashioned way, with fingers and tongues, and open legs and bodies intertwined.

Getting back to my hypothesis: While sex is wonderful, there are perhaps some corners of sexual experience that deserve to be left well alone. But I won. I won at bad sex, because I knew that no matter how bad sex is between you and your favorite honey, nothing is worse than imagining your own parents at it. **DOB**

*Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy your reality? Write it down and send it to: On Our Backs, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; email: editor@onourbacksmag.com.*





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THERE'S A CURE



## Probe Nina



### Senses Working Overtime

I have been doing phone sex out of my home for many years. It is a great job, and I am proud of being a sex worker, but there's one thing that's really getting to me. I recently fell in love with

**The human body is infinite in its variations, not just between individual bodies but also within the same body, from one lovemaking session to another.**

an amazing person, and we are in a long-distance relationship. I am very interested in having phone sex with this person, but every time I try, I start thinking about work and I get turned off. When it comes to phone sex, I'm a pro—but how do I make it hot when I'm not working? —*Phone Slut Working Overtime*

*Congrats on finding a job you enjoy and are good at, and good for you on finding a partner who can accept this aspect of your life. You're beginning to add intimacy to your sex life, which is fantastic yet scary and new. You can*

*make it hot when it's for fun by accessing a different part of your erotic daydreams than you use for work. Create with your lover a pre-phone sex ritual that will separate "work" from "play" concretely, or you can devise such a ritual to do alone before you pick up the phone. The key will be to let yourself be vulnerable and shy all over again, because now real feelings are involved instead of dollars. By accessing your true feelings for your lover and expressing them, the difference between work and play should become clear.*

### Water Works

I know you've written about female ejaculation before, but I was wondering if you could explain how to control it? Some people seem to be able to gauge when they're going to ejaculate, etc. For me, I squirt when I get vaginally fisted, but not every time, nor with every lover. I'm not sure what's happening differently when I do ejaculate as opposed to when I don't. I'd like to be able to do it more consistently. Any ideas?

—*Loving That Leakage*

*Deborah Sundahl's Female Ejaculation and the G Spot is a great book on this topic, full of practical advice for gals like you. By developing more control over your ejaculation in private, you can share this information with your lover*

*when the time comes. In the meantime, pay attention (if you can!) to what's different about the foreplay and actual manipulation of your G spot between those instances when you squirt and when you don't. You could just need to spend more time "priming the pump," so to speak, getting more aroused and letting your urethral sponge engorge more fully before proceeding with penetration. Or, you could need a specific type of penetration to start the water works. Keep in mind that the human body is infinite in its variations, not just between individual bodies but also within the same*

*body, from one lovemaking session to another. As much as you can, enjoy your body to the fullest, leaking or not.*

### Seeking Release

My lover and I have amazing sex together, but the only thing that I'd like to improve is being able to bring her to orgasm. As someone who used to have trouble coming with a partner, I know that it's important to relax, not focus on the outcome, etc., but we've been trying that for a year. She's come from my fingers or tongue maybe three times since we've been lovers. She says it doesn't bother her; she gets pleasure when I fuck her, and she enjoys it when I go down on her but often masturbates afterward for the release. She's not been able to orgasm with other lovers either. Do you have any ideas of things we could try?

—*Wanting to Give Her More*

*It's commitment and desire such as yours that keep relationships strong and vibrant. That her orgasmic pattern doesn't bother her is a good thing, as it releases you from having to stress on it. For what it's worth, I almost always have to masturbate in order to come, no matter how much I love my partner, or how turned on I am, or how much I'd like it to be different. That she hasn't been able to do it with others says that it's got nothing to do with you or your technique. If she's happy with how you assist in her final masturbation (my partner works my ass as I work the Hitachi, a winning combo), and her orgasm makes her feel close to, and loved by, you, you're doing really well. If she really wants it to be different, she can seek out a queer-friendly therapist to explore what the root issues might be. Know, though, that deep exploration of a person's sexual issues can manifest in temporary disruptions in her sex life at home, as feelings are processed. OOB*

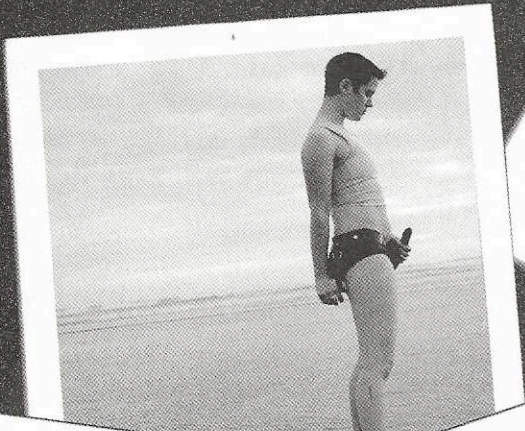
**Nina Hartley** is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail to: **Probe Nina** at *On Our Backs*, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; email: [nina@onourbacksmag.com](mailto:nina@onourbacksmag.com).



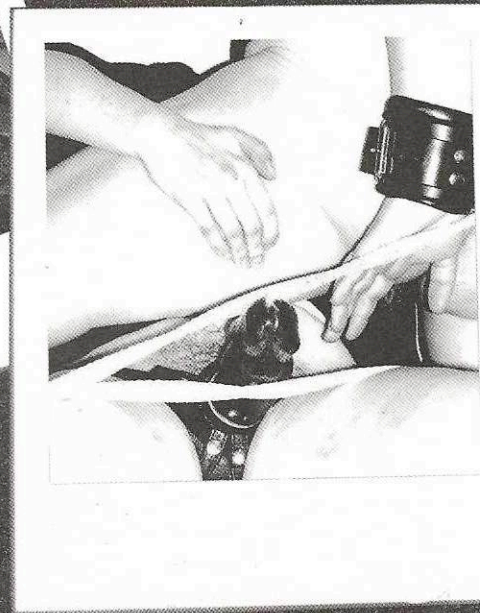
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## Uncle Lynnee's School for Bois

The definitive word on etiquette for butches and those who love them.



Chloe Sherman

### Butch-Femme 101: A Review

Sometimes when my butch girlfriend initiates sex, I won't feel like being pleased but I want to please her. She hates this and thinks I'm trying to turn her into a femme. I don't want to change her, but sometimes I would rather be the one giving rather than receiving. Could you give me some advice about talking to her about this? *Her*

I'm dating this wonderful girl, and we've decided to take things slow, so we haven't had sex yet. But we've been talking about what we like in bed and about how we identify ourselves. I told her I am butch, but she disagreed because I enjoy penetration. Can you still be butch and like penetration? Does the butch always have to be the aggressor? What makes a butch a butch anyway? *Shim*

*Whoa. Everybody jump out of the box you're in. Now, bois and grrls, settle down and listen to Uncle Lynnee.*

*Butch does not equal "stone—nobody touch me below the belt." Femme does not*

*mean "pillow queen." Who you are, that is, how you identify—as a butch, femme, man, woman—that is gender. Gender has to do with how girly or boyish you feel and how you express that to the world in your demeanor and dress. Who or how you boink has to do with sexuality. Sexuality and gender are considered different now, but not so a half-century ago.*

#### Ancient Herstory 101

**The fifties and sixties:** Butch-femme culture was primarily a working-class bar culture with a strict code. Gender equaled sexuality. Butches were boinkers. Femmes were boinkees. No femme-on-femme (except Bettie Page—style for the straight male-gaze porno) or butch-on-butch action. Queers called this "kiki," a pejorative. "Butch in the streets, femme in the sheets" was the ultimate put-down of your female masculinity.

**The seventies:** Butch-femme was shamed, called patriarchal impersonation. All the poor little femmes had to throw out their dresses, hide their sexy lingerie under 501's, stop being pillow queens, and roll up their now plaid flannel sleeves. Stone butches had to toss the rubber dicks. All penetration was rape. Reciprocation was mandatory. We all pretended to be sisters, side-by-side, and kept our perversions secret for fear of the feminist po-po.

**The eighties:** Butch-femme started to sneak back in but was considered kinky.

**The nineties:** Butch-femme was fully reclaimed, only not so regimented and not solely for the working class. New twists abounded: femme tops, butch bottoms, butch-on-butch fags (San Francisco), and femme-on-femme (Los Angeles and New York City). Shar Rednour put out books and films like *How to Fuck in High Heels*, and every butch on the *Sister Spit* tour jockeyed to bend over as Shar's

lovely assistant so she could demonstrate onstage. It was considered oh-so-punk-rock and edgy to be a butch bottom. So retro it was cool to be stone.

**The twenty-first century:** We're beyond labels. Everyone's pansexual. Transgender is the new way to fuck shit up, although dissed by the old school as patriarchal impersonation. Look! We've come full circle.

**Gender no longer equals sexuality.** Dykes transition to manhood, and sometimes they keep boinkin' women, sometimes they just go gay like Rock Hudson and become fags. Transwomen boink transmen and get them pregnant. It's all crazy!

**Announcement:** There are no more rules. Anything goes. We all benefit from what we've gained in the nineties, and it's no longer even the slightest bit weird to be a butch bottom, a femme top, or a switch. You know, when they have a femme bitch top cracking a whip to advertise breath mints at a bus stop, you can stop worrying about whether you're too freaky. Our extreme kinkiness is probably another sign of the end of our civilization (see Ancient Rome 101), but if it's all crashing down around us, we might as well be having whatever kind of fun we want in bed and damn the damn rules. So relax! Enjoy. Your big job is not to do what the world expects of you but to figure out what you like. It finally is all about you. Thank the great gay goddess. **OOB**

Let **Lynnee Breedlove** fix your love life. Mail to: **Uncle Lynnee** at *On Our Backs*, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: [unclelynnnee@onourbacksmag.com](mailto:unclelynnnee@onourbacksmag.com). Catch Uncle Lynnee on tour with Kelly Beardsley: April 6: Philadelphia, PA; April 7: Brooklyn, NY; April 9: Boston, MA; April 15: Minneapolis, MN. For more information, check out [www.lynnbreedlove.com](http://www.lynnbreedlove.com).



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## Get Sex Toys Through Airport Security

Flying the Sexy Skies

Traveling with sex toys, especially elaborate toys and BDSM equipment, has become a little trickier in these times of tough airport security. Every seasoned security officer has seen his or her fair share of "massagers," but it doesn't mean they won't stop and question you about an item if they can't ascertain its use. I nearly missed my flight coming back from a sex toy convention in Las Vegas because the stainless steel double dildo I was carrying freaked out the security staff. I had to say "It's a sex toy; do you want me to show you how it works?" to four people before they let me on the flight. As a well-adjusted sex-loving human, it's your right to pack anything you like. But if huffy security guards make your blood pressure rise, follow these tips for a snag-free mile high experience.

### Know Your Rights

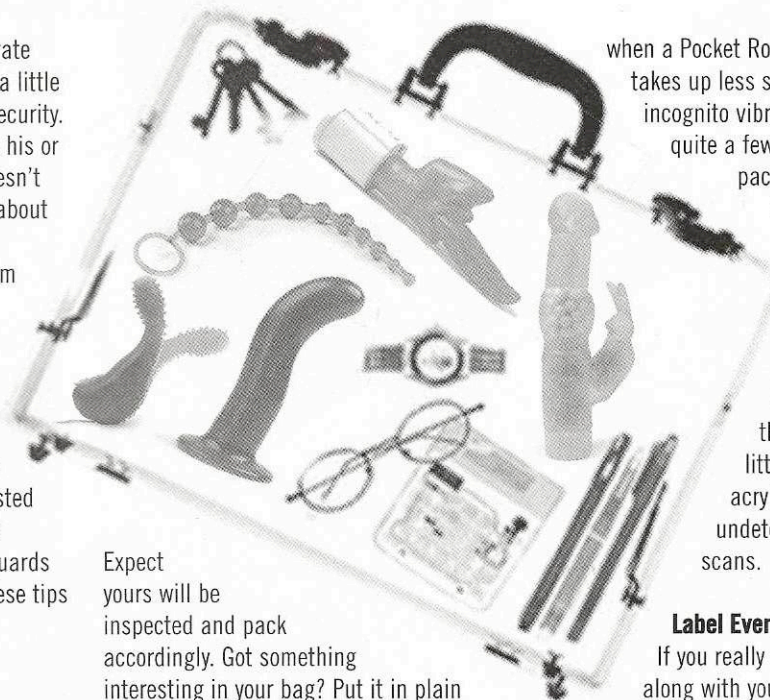
Security personnel aren't allowed to say anything about your personal items or make you feel uncomfortable in any way. Most security guards will be more embarrassed than you are about your ten-inch schlong, so if you really love it, don't be shy about bringing it along. So what if they find it? They'll discover you are a happy sex-positive person, and that's a great thing to be.

### Check It

Rule number one to flying with kinky equipment is don't pack anything suspicious-looking in your carry on. Even if you feel totally comfortable talking to the security guard and X-ray tech about your kegelcisor, carrying it on board means a sure-fire bag search, which is annoying at the very least. And if you can't bring nail clippers on board, they probably won't let you carry on your catheter and sounds set or breath-control equipment. You'll just hold up an already slow line. Having your boxers fondled by some grubby stranger is way less fun than it sounds.

### Pack Wisely

Random searches of checked bags are routine.



Expect yours will be inspected and pack accordingly. Got something interesting in your bag? Put it in plain sight. This cuts down on the amount of time spent ruffling through your tampons. Tantus Silicone owner Metis Black tells the tale of the time the National Security Administration certified her dildo as no threat to national security: "Usually they leave that paper confirming your bags were opened right on top of your clothes. But once I found it in the pocket with personal items; toothpaste, toothbrush, soaps, harness, butt plugs, dildo... there it was, wrapped around my favorite black dildo. At least I know my sex toys are government approved!"

### Portable Equipment

The Bondage Belt is a spiffy-looking belt that holds up your pants and converts easily into a restraint system. A company called Sportsheets makes a line of restraint toys with nylon straps that travel easily and look like backpacking equipment. If you are into standing bondage, check out their over-the-door bondage system; it makes the bathroom door in your suite at the W almost as useful as a St. Andrews Cross.

### Travel Light

There's really no need to pack your Hitachi

when a Pocket Rocket works just as well and takes up less space. There are also many incognito vibrators on the market and quite a few would fool your mom. Try packing some of the ingenious vibes designed to look like non-sexy items. The rubber ducky vibe, lipstick vibe, and hairbrush vibe offer you a truly undercover orgasm. And for the lady that loves her G spot, one little known fact is that clear acrylic toys are virtually undetectable on airport X-ray scans.

### Label Everything

If you really want your arsenal to travel along with you, then by all means pack it. If you have the original boxes, repack your toys in them. This will make their use obvious and prevent you from having to explain things if they happen to search your bag at the check-in counter. If you don't have the boxes, put everything in clear ziplock bags and label them. Security will most likely be dubious about digging through bags marked "vibrators," "butt plugs," and "dildos."

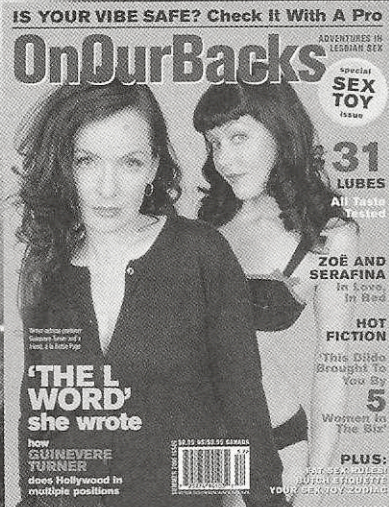
### When in Doubt, Ship

I once had a disgruntled ex ship all my sex toys back to me via UPS. And while I don't recommend this as a break-up strategy, it's not a bad way to deal with sending kinky equipment. If you are going on a long trip and want to set up a play space at your destination, ship your equipment UPS ground. It will get there safe and sound.

### DIY Dungeons

If shipping is too much work, when you get to your destination, go straight to the local hardware store for rope and chains, hit a medical supply store for sharp objects, and head to the grocery store for a couple rolls of Saran Wrap. ☺





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# Gender Ble

photography by Tala Brandeis Photo

location courtesy of SF Citadel



**Name:** Arielle

**Nickname:** Critter

**Age:** 26

**Occupations:** Raw vegan bartender, holistic healer, and student of life

**Location:** San Francisco

**Identity:** My identity is very fluid; I'm not a fan of labels, so I tend to incorporate some parts of the following into my ID: queer, leatherdyke, genderfluid, masochistic, service submissive, switch.

**Status:** Poly

**Tattoos:** My first tattoo is two interlocking female symbols which represent myself as a dyke and feminist. My second and fourth tattoos are on my arm and are Lilian Broca's representation of the creation of Lilith, with Lilith's name written in Hebrew below. The third (and still a work in progress) goes all the way around my waist. It's a treble clef and the first four measures of Chopin's "Raindrop" prelude with waves of water and raindrops in the background.

**Music I like to listen to while playing or fucking:**

Anything from Tori Amos to Nine Inch Nails to opera to crazy gay boy dance music

**Favorite sex toys:** My hands, other people's hands, my mind, other people's minds

**What kind of girls she goes for:** Self-assured, with integrity and humility, passionate, intelligent, responsible, powerful, Dominant

**How does a girl catch her eye:** With her mind

**How does a girl turn her off:** By being closed emotionally, psychologically, physically, and spiritually

**What gets her off:** Being scared

**Where she likes to masturbate:** In bed, reading erotica or watching porn

**Must-try sex act:** Getting pierced, fucked, fisted, and choked simultaneously

**Thing she can't stand:** Being tickled

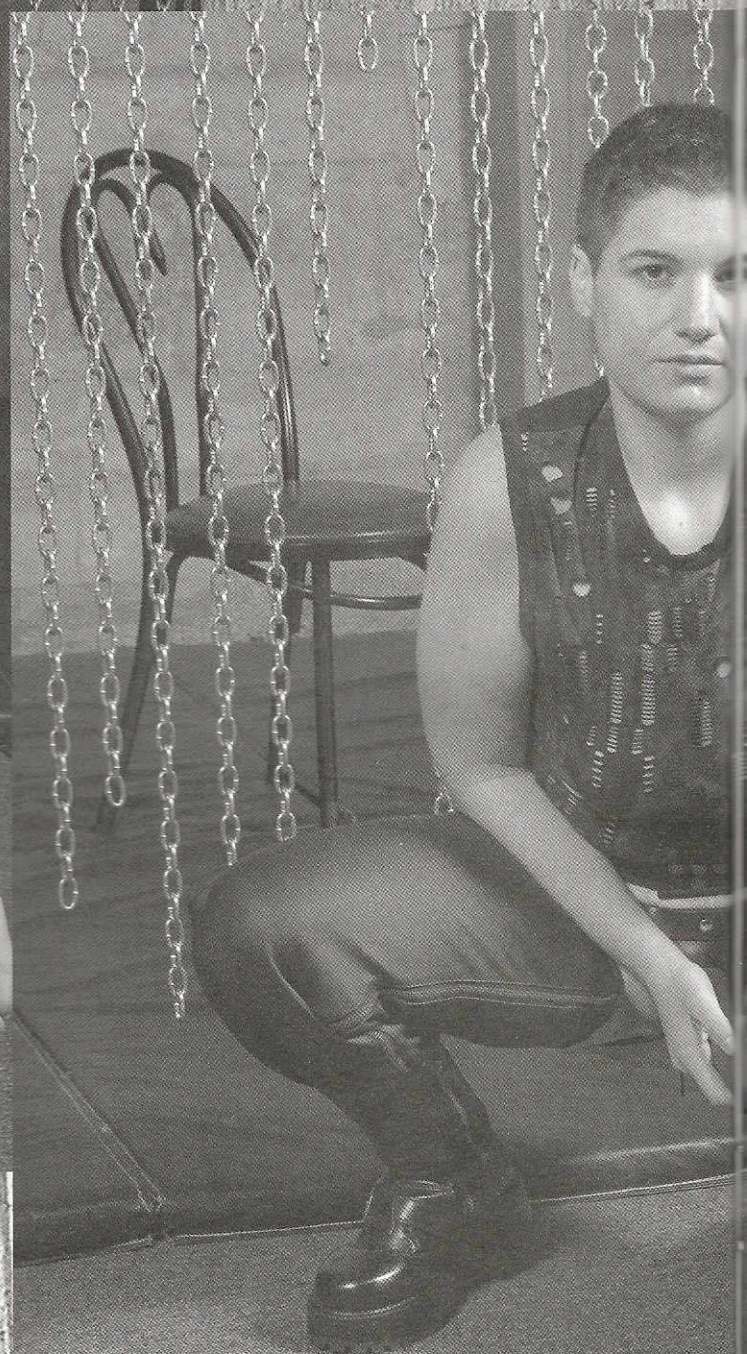


# nding

The founder of San Francisco's Queer Underground gets playful for us.

## Bartender Serves It Up

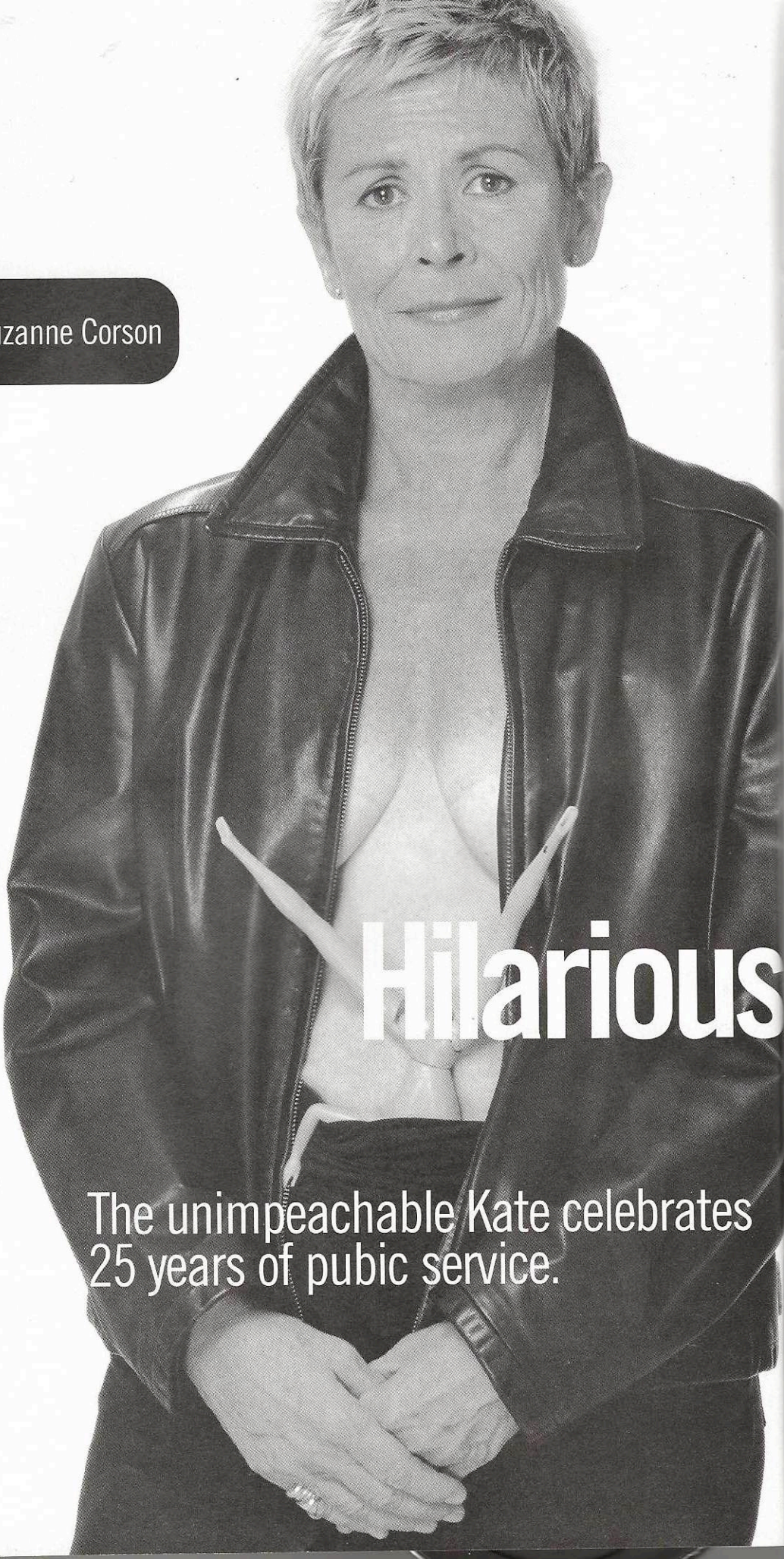












The *On Our Backs*

## Interview

by Suzanne Corson

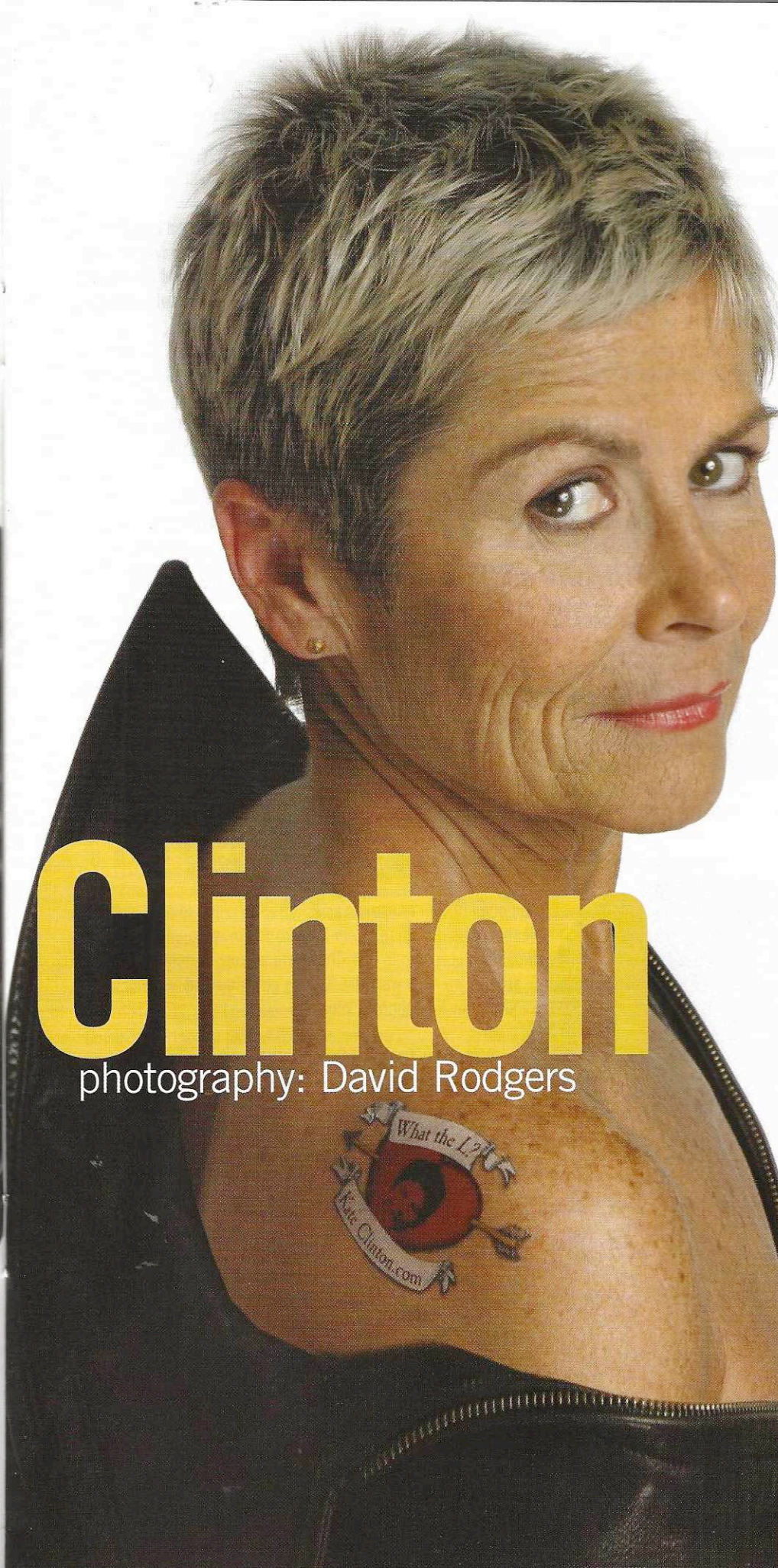
Kate Clinton is funny and has been for a long time. This year marks her twenty-fifth anniversary as a “fumerist”—or, a feminist humorist—and to celebrate, she’s hitting the road with her *It’s Come to This* tour, sponsored by the National Center for Lesbian Rights, the *Advocate*, PlanetOut, and Air America Radio.

For the past quarter of a century, she’s made people laugh about subjects that also can make them squirm—sex, lesbians, menstruation, menopause, feminists—in comedy clubs, concert halls, and women’s festivals. She’s emceed pride events and benefits like the annual NCLR gala. And she’s been on TV. She hosts *In the Life*, has appeared as a guest on numerous talk shows and news programs, worked behind the scenes as a writer for Rosie O’Donnell’s talk show, and most recently she acted in the third season premiere of *The L Word*. She’s also performed on Broadway in *The Rocky Horror Show* and *The Vagina Monologues*; written three books, *Don’t Get Me Started* and the recent *What the L?*; recorded several CDs; and was one of the featured dyke comedians in Andrea Meyerson’s film *Laughing Matters*. Kate spoke with *On Our Backs* about her career, comedy, censorship, and sex.

# Hilarious

The unimpeachable Kate celebrates 25 years of pubic service.





# Clinton

photography: David Rodgers

**On Our Backs:** Congratulations on your twenty-fifth anniversary tour. How wonderful to have great sponsors, like the National Center for Lesbian Rights.

**Kate Clinton:** Thank you. Yes, they're a natural fit for this tour. It's nice to be sponsored by a group who uses "lesbian" in their title. Many people aren't ready to move on to "queer" yet. They're still getting used to "lesbian"—sometimes it sounds like they're going to spit when they say it.

**OOB:** In your book *What the L?*, you talk about seeing the very first episode of *The L Word*, saying that you thought its heat potential would result in savings on your home heating bill. Has it lived up to your expectations?

**KC:** Oh, yes. It has also proved to me how much my mother reappears in me. When watching *The L Word*, I sometimes look away from the screen. That's definitely an indication of how hot the sex scenes are. I'm terrified that they're going to get caught! Definitely a visceral reaction.

**OOB:** Tell us about your appearance on the show as a sex therapist in the third season premiere.

**KC:** For those who haven't seen it yet, I just want to caution you that I come from the Keanu Reeves school of acting; there's lots of nostril flaring.

**OOB:** Are there plans to bring your character back?

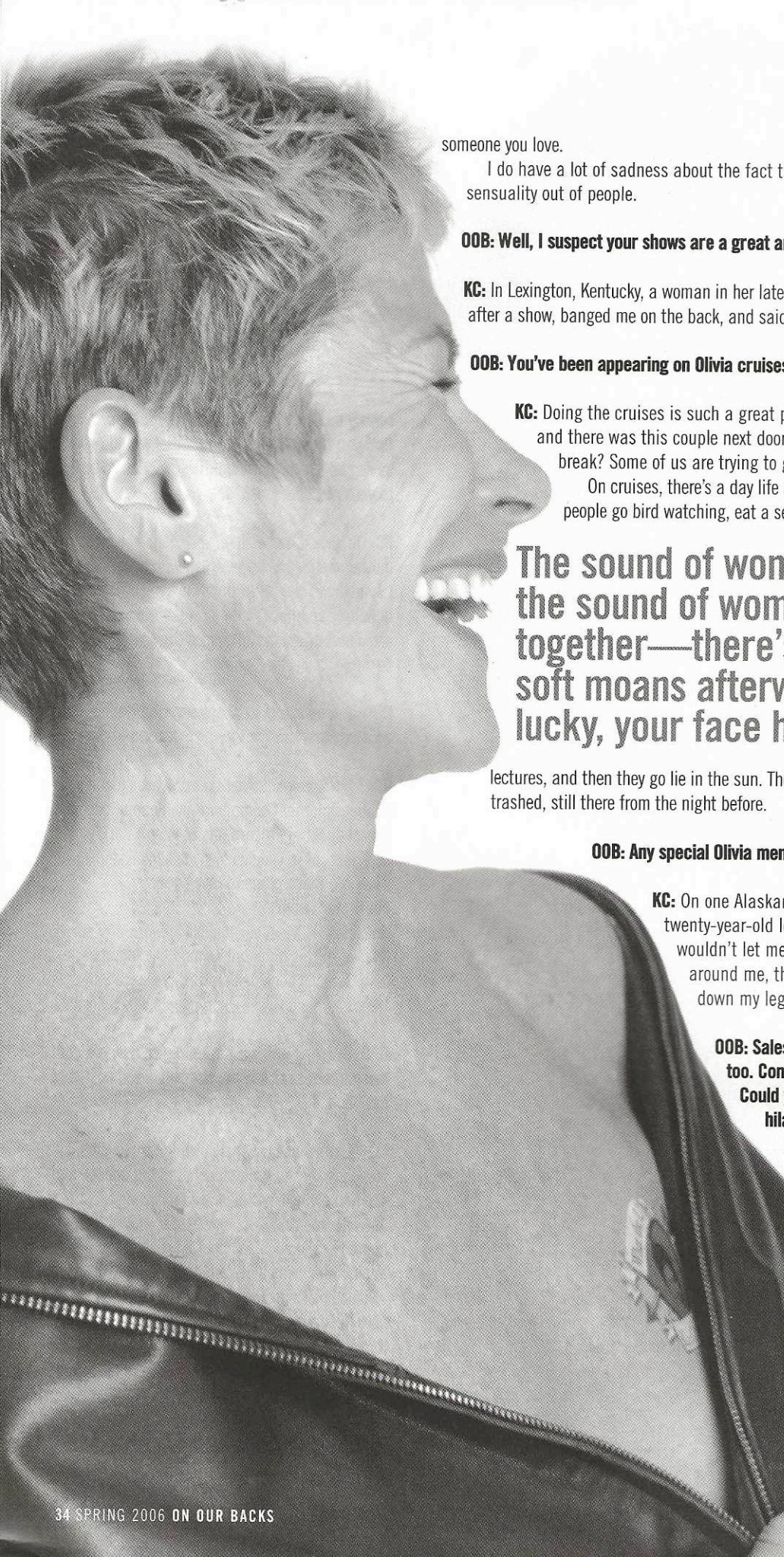
**KC:** Not at this time, but I would like to appear as an Irish Catholic dope dealer to Mary Louise Parker on *Weeds*.

**OOB:** Growing up as a Catholic girl, how did you learn about sex? Any crushes on nuns, or is that too cliché?

**KC:** When I was in high school, there was this gorgeous second grade teacher at our school, and she had a whole group of girls following around her. She was so cool. She was a surfer, looked like Julie Andrews, and each accidental brush of her arm against ours was quite a moment.

You know, sex with recovering Catholics is much hotter because it's so dirty. My mom taught me two things: sex is dirty, and you should save it for





someone you love.

I do have a lot of sadness about the fact that Catholics hammer sexuality and sensuality out of people.

**OOB: Well, I suspect your shows are a great antidote for that.**

**KC:** In Lexington, Kentucky, a woman in her late twenties came up to me in a restaurant after a show, banged me on the back, and said, "You made me want to fuck again."

**OOB: You've been appearing on Olivia cruises too.**

**KC:** Doing the cruises is such a great pleasure. But one time I was in a room, and there was this couple next door—Lord love a duck! Can't you take a break? Some of us are trying to get some sleep!

On cruises, there's a day life and there's a night life. The daytime people go bird watching, eat a sensible breakfast, do exercises, go to

**The sound of women laughing is like the sound of women coming together—there's roaring, rocking, soft moans afterward, and if you're lucky, your face hurts.**

lectures, and then they go lie in the sun. There they see the nighttime people, trashed, still there from the night before.

**OOB: Any special Olivia memories you can share with us?**

**KC:** On one Alaskan cruise, I was hijacked by a posse of twenty-year-old lesbians from San Francisco who wouldn't let me go to bed. They were so hot! Dancing around me, they were like Slinkys going up and down my leg. Ahhh... Very hot.

**OOB: Sales for *What the L?* have been hot, too. Congratulations on its fourth printing. Could you speak a bit about "cherished hilarious moments of women laughing together as coming from the same source as the erotic" from that afterword?**

**KC:** There are moments in my show, like when I do the old menstrual standards, that the sound of women laughing is like the sound of women coming, all together, at the same time—there's roaring, rocking, soft moans afterward, and if you're lucky, your face hurts.

It's true that you can tell how loud a woman orgasms by how she



laughs. When I hear a woman with a great big belly laugh, I think, "Um, hum..."

**OOB: Do you have any tips for people who don't seem to have a sense of humor about sex?**

**Laughter in bed can be so fun, but some women are just so serious!**

**KC:** They act as if the mood is going to be ruined if you laugh. I think it's a holdover from sex with a guy, when you'd worry that if you laugh, his erection would disappear. Well, we don't have to worry about that.

You need to let moments of laughter and light into bed—if there's no room for that, maybe you shouldn't be there. Melt. Let yourself get silly.

One time Urvashi (*Ed: Urvashi Vaid, Kate's partner since 1988*) put on some Carole King, and it was the wrong music for sex. It's lovely, of course, but all I wanted to do was sing along! We got hysterical about it.

**OOB: You and Urvashi are one of our country's lesbian power couples. Is a vital sex life important to your power quotient?**

**KC:** Absolutely. You know, she's really hot.

Our biggest problem is scheduling. She works weekdays; I work weekends. She works days; I work nights. So we deal with that and still try to be spontaneous, too.

It's important to have a willingness to talk about it and figure it out. It's important not to take the situational stuff and treat it like a character flaw. One night she said, "I'm feeling some distance," and I answered, "Well, I'm in San Francisco, and you're in New York." Sometimes there really *is* distance to deal with, but it's situational.

The brain is very sexy to me. I live with a conspiracy theorist. Every click on the phone, Urvashi thinks it's John Ashcroft, and that excites her.

We do make dates with each other, with varying degrees of success. Recently we went to see Patti Smith at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; she was performing the whole *Horses* album for its thirtieth anniversary. Urvashi has been a huge Patti Smith fan forever—she's a bona fide groupie, knows everything about all the songs and the albums. Anyway, this anniversary concert was a major orgasmic experience for the entire audience. Afterward, I was saying, "God, I'd love a cigarette," and I don't smoke! Exciting events like that can be quite inspirational for a couple.

**OOB: In one of your routines, you mention using *On Our Backs* as a way to do the opposite of de-dykeing an apartment. Do you read *On Our Backs*?**

**KC:** We do. I come from an old feminist household. And we do leave it out.

**OOB: Over these past twenty-five years, have you experienced a backlash about identifying yourself as a feminist?**

**KC:** Interestingly, identifying myself as a feminist humorist was a bizarre entrée to media

## I would like to appear as an Irish Catholic dope dealer to Mary Louise Parker on *Weeds*.

attention. It was a great gimmick. Who knew? Mainstream radio stations would have me on and be curious about what that means, so I did lots of radio interviews. One guy asked me, "Feminist and humor, isn't that an oxymoron?" and I said, "You're half right." But my favorite was a seven a.m. interview with a clueless guy who said, "I really love your music," and I replied, "You hear it too?"

**OOB: What about from your audiences?**

**KC:** In Ottawa, a woman came up to me after a show and said, "I heard you were a feminist comedian. I had to come hear you and make sure you weren't going to make fun of us."

"How'd I do?"

"Funny."

**OOB: How did you come up with the term "fumerist"?**

**KC:** Back in the beginning, in the time before word processing and spell check—yes, girls, it's true; there was such a time—it was a typo. I ran the two words together, and I really liked how it looked. At that point, I was heavily influenced by Mary Daly, who was always re-creating words. So it made sense to me.

**OOB: Have you been affected by censorship in your act either by promoters, venues, or self-censorship?**

**KC:** My second album *Making Waves* was banned in Texas. I'm darned proud of that. When I feel self-censorship coming on, I call it my triple Salchow moment, like in ice

skating: (*in a heavy stage whisper*) "She's about to do the triple Salchow." When I feel that, I know I have to be careful and just go through it.

One time when I was doing a show in my hometown of Buffalo, my Uncle Harold and Aunt Marge read an announcement about the event and came to the show. I got up onstage and saw them out there, surrounded by lesbians. But I did my set as usual. Afterward, the only thing my uncle said was, "I'm ninety, you know."

I do quite a few shows with mixed gay-straight crowds. You know how theaters have a

subscription series: for example, there will be the Kronos Quartet one week, the Flying Karamazov brothers the next, and then me. Well, you get these lovely white-haired ladies in their turquoise vests as ushers and fabulous mixed crowds. So what I do is say at the beginning, "If I say anything you don't understand, come up to me in the lobby afterward and ask me." And they do: "Can you tell me more about the cinnamon dildo?"

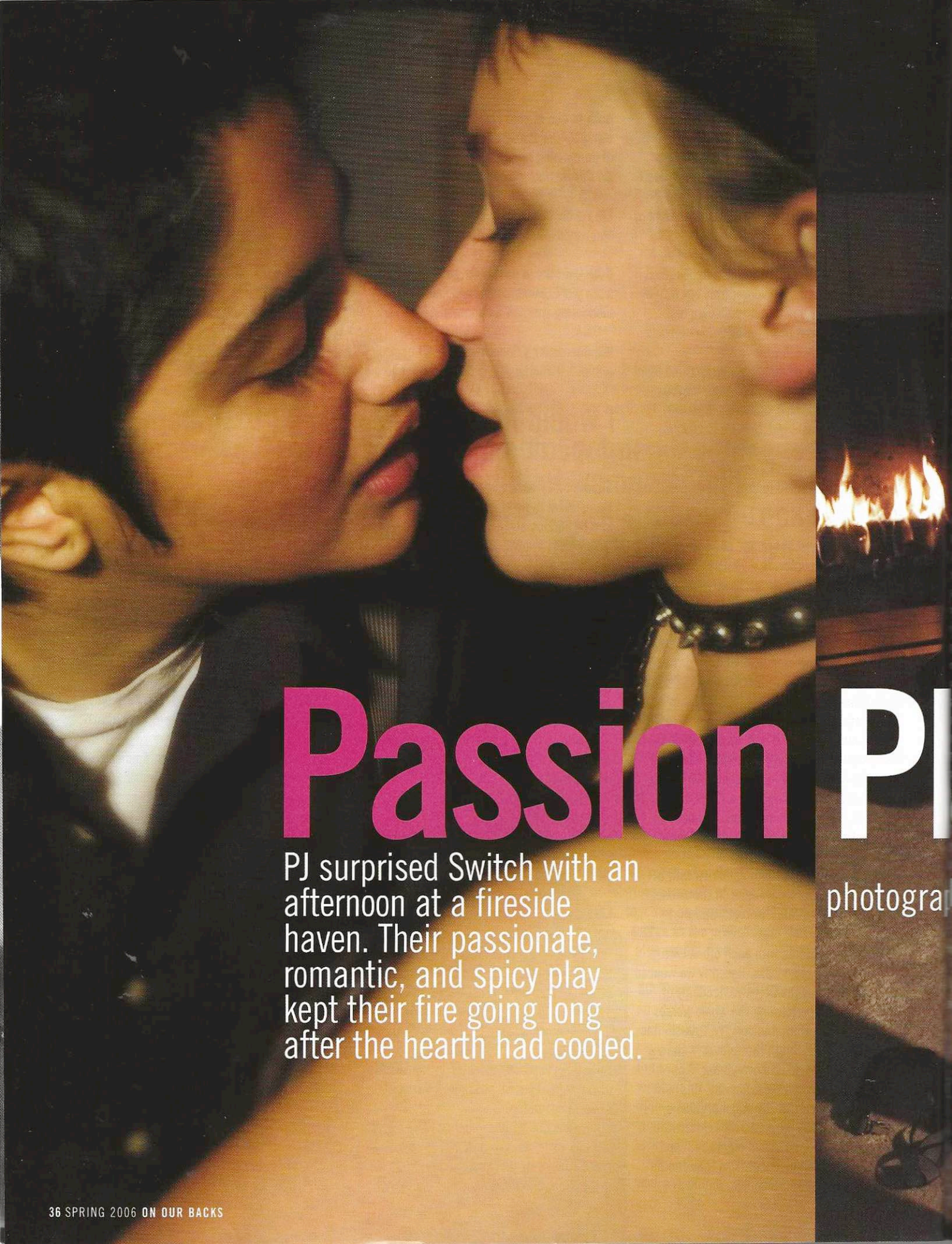
**OOB: Is the censorship you've encountered more about political content or sexual?**

**KC:** It's changed over the years. I remember being in Palm Beach, Florida, in December 2000, after that election—actually it wasn't really over yet at that point. I noticed that when I did political material, the audience was very quiet, but when I switched to the sexual stuff, the audience relaxed and laughed hilariously.

There's been a general clamping down over the last five years, after 9/11 and the war. People seemed so uptight at first, but they're loosening up now. That time after 9/11 felt familiar, almost like being in a closet, but instead of sex, it was a peace closet. I was on a plane and the guy sitting next to me was saying, "You know, we need to go in there with our F-14's and get them," and I responded with "I'm for peace." It really is like coming out all over again, making the decision to come out for peace to a random stranger on a plane.

Lesbians and gays are good ones to lead the way out of the closet for peace, since we're used to coming out. **OOB**



A close-up photograph of a man and a woman about to kiss. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit and white shirt. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark top and a choker. They are both looking at each other. In the background, a fire is burning in a fireplace.

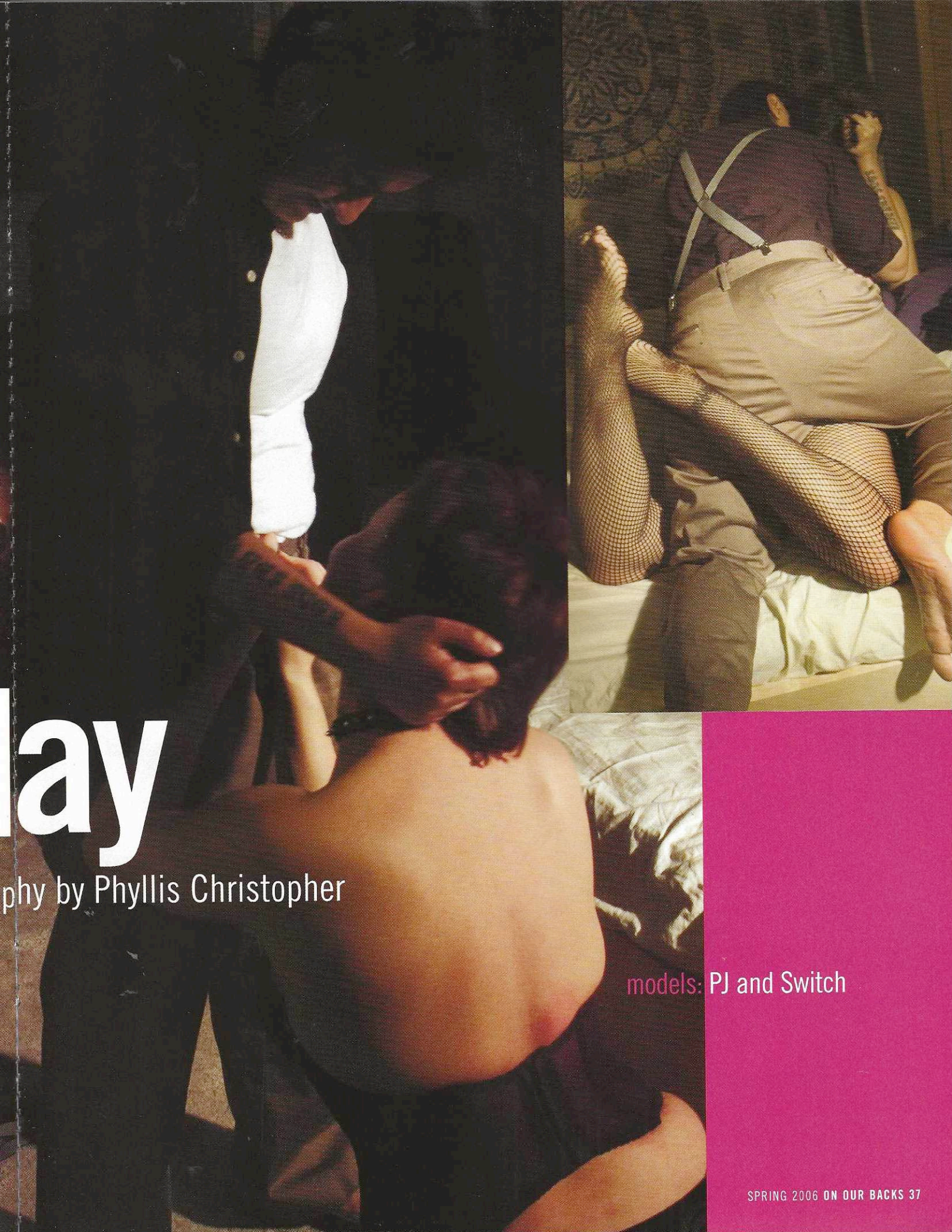
# Passion

PJ surprised Switch with an afternoon at a fireside haven. Their passionate, romantic, and spicy play kept their fire going long after the hearth had cooled.

# PI

photograph





# lay

phy by Phyllis Christopher

models: PJ and Switch





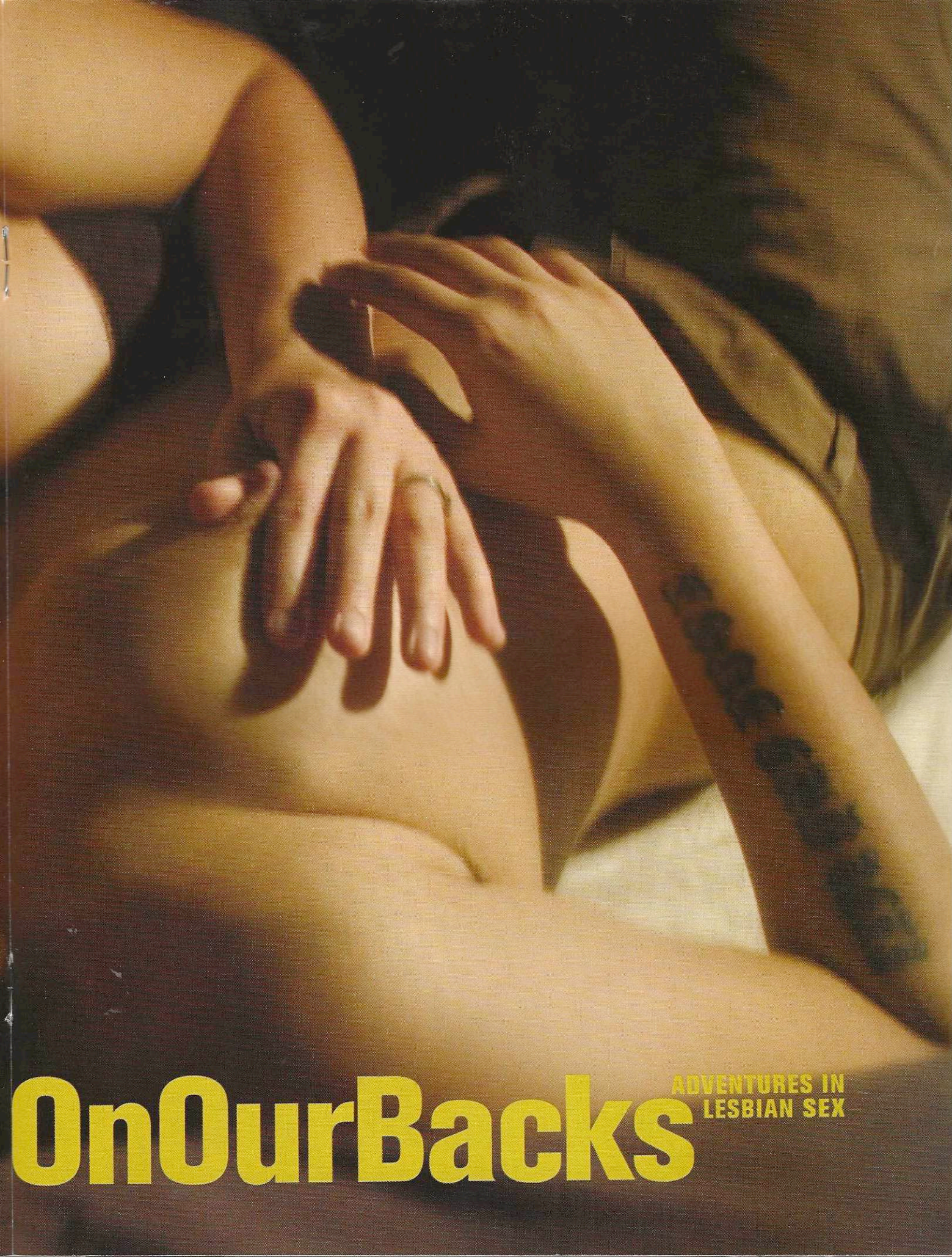












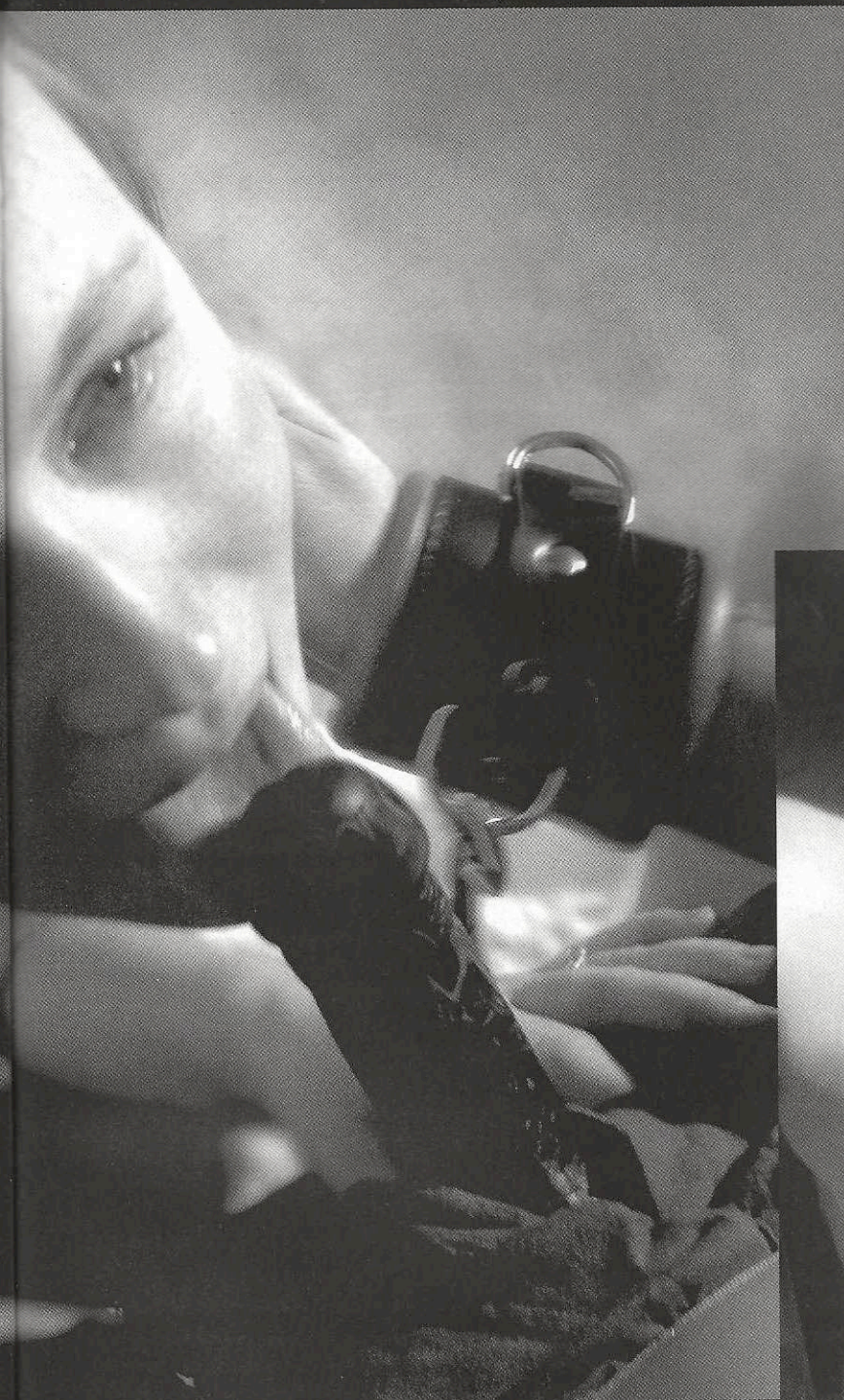
# On Our Backs

ADVENTURES IN  
LESBIAN SEX

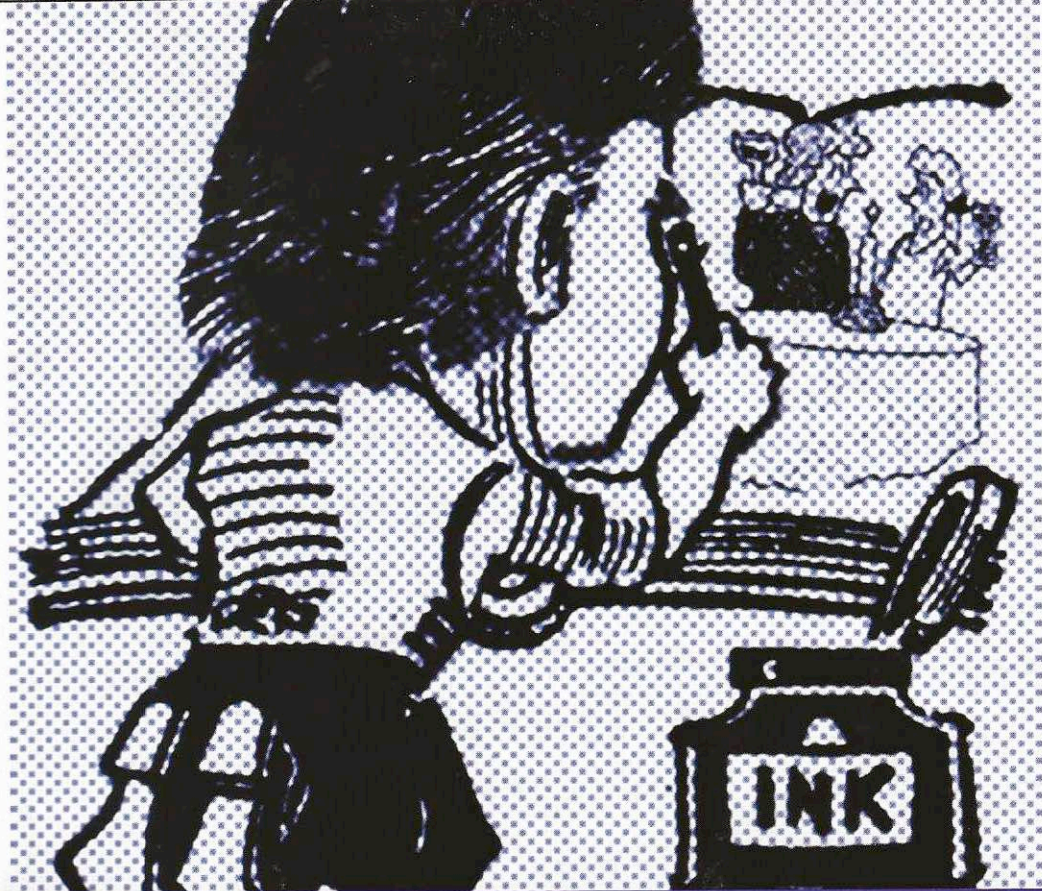












Lesbian sex comes to life in the funnies thanks to these inky-fingered women.

# Raunch Hands

by Pat Tong

Lesbian—or lesbian-friendly women—cartoonists drawing lesbian sex: these, gals, are the good old days. What luxury to have so many fabulous inky-fingered women churning out panels and pages of truth, justice, and the lesbian way, instead of weird male-generated porn. And how empowering, thanks to the internet, to have more options than comic stores, which still mostly cater to teenaged boys. At the risk of sounding like a cranky old coot: Back in the day, if you loved comics and you loved women, nearly all the territory from

*Heavy Metal* to *Archie's Pals 'n Gals* was a spiritual wasteland. Not that some of us might not have enjoyed a little *2 Hot Girls on a Hot Summer Night*.

But I never could really get off on those Victoria's Secret-type babes. The blank stares unnerved me. The tits ... never seemed quite right. I just wasn't comfortable with Monica being so completely interchangeable with Babette. The idea that sex with Monica might be exactly like sex with Babette went beyond boring to a little creepy.





Excerpt from "Theory and Practice: A Graphic Novella" by Alison Bechdel.  
First published in *Invasion of the Dykes to Watch Out For* © 2005 by Alison Bechdel. Reprinted by permission of Alyson Books, [www.alyson.com](http://www.alyson.com).



There were—and are—some guys doing a bang-up job of drawing and writing real women, like the Hernandez brothers of *Love and Rockets* fame. And I still remember the thrill of discovering tough, quick-draw Billy the Kid was really Billy Jo in drag, searching for her Pa's killer (*All Star Western* #6, DC Comics, 1971). Some guys come close, like Terry Moore, who gives us well-drawn and likeable women, but unfortunately feels the need to give us their measurements on the *Strangers in Paradise* website. And it's not like a woman cartoonist can't be maddeningly obscure or coy; was Hank of *Brenda Starr* a dyke or just a gutsy iconoclast with a thing for tartan?

But most often, when a woman is wielding the pen, Monica and Babette blink, emerge from the fog, and suddenly acquire quirks, foibles, emotions—otherwise



From *Jane's World* #22 by Paige Braddock (2005)

## Who knew Ms. Potato Head came with that extra special attachment?

known as personalities. Then there's no confusing Monica with Babette. Nor is there any doubt that sex with Mo(nica) from *Dykes to Watch Out For* would be the polar opposite of sex with Hothead Paisan (whose given name might or might not be Babette).

Comics are still largely the domain of the less fair sex.



From *subGURLZ* by Jennifer Camper (Cleis, 1999)

The Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles recently mounted an exhibition attempting to "establish a canon" of cartoon art, and there wasn't a single woman on the walls. There's a reason minorities flinch when they hear the word *canon*. My cartoon mind always pictures a *cannon*.

But whiners never prosper. Some women have always ignored the dominant paradigm and just gone ahead and created great cartoon art. And lil' lesbians like myself have always been willing to brave inhospitable environs (have you ever *been* in an average comic book shop?) to find authentic—and, if very lucky, hot—images of women.

### Our Foremothers

Mary Wings' pioneering 1973 *Come Out Comix*' sex appeal lies in its earnestness and earliness. The sex happens under covers, starry-eyed and sweet, and, near the climax of the tale, with our leaping heroine joyfully proclaiming her lesbianism. The patchouli and psychedelia are pervasive. In a time of sexism and rampant homophobia, it took some chutzpah to offer this up.

Roberta Gregory, another trailblazer (*Dynamite Damsels*, 1976), gets more graphic but is less eager to apply labels. From her early work for various gay and women's underground comics to her more recent self-published *Winging It*, impatience with being misunderstood and misidentified is a frequent theme. There's more than a little dialogue, angst, and self-explanation before, during, and after sex, be it between girls or girls and boys. You get both flavors in the three-part serial *Artistic Licentiousness*. Her most famous character, Bitchy Bitch (a.k.a. Midge McCracken, in the no longer published *Naughty Bits*), goes for the boys, and occasionally for their jugular veins. She runs amok on a regular basis—life is either in her face or biting her on the ass. This woman is *over* self-explanation. Her lesbian counterpart, Bitchy Butch, is more likely to be mistaken for a man or otherwise irritated by the women she encounters than cruised by them. *Naughty Bits*



comics are short on orgasms (although *Bitch* does nicely for herself with the help of the microwave, assorted veggies, and mechanical aids) but long on cathartic fire breathing.

Other women riffing on lesbian themes during the seventies through the nineties were such greats as Jennifer Camper, Trina Robbins, Lee Marrs, Joan Hilty, Phoebe Gloeckner, the late Kris Kovick, and Leslie Ewing. There were many relatively lesser-known creators as well: T.O. Sylvester (a.k.a. Sylvia Mollick and Terry Ryan), Jacki Randall, Karen Platt, Anina Bennett, Julie Franki, Cheela Smith, Beck Main, Lucy Clare Byatt, Rhonda Dickson, Noreen Stevens, Catherine Doherty. A lot of this work was published in *Tits 'n Clits*, *Wimmen's Comix*, and *Gay Comix*, or in *Dykes's Delight* from the U.K. Some were included in gay and mainstream magazines and newspapers. Some of this work was mildly sexual and some was wildly explicit. Most of it was full of attitude.

Some artists even made it into paperback books, like N. Leigh Dunlap's breezy Morgan Calabresé collections, or Andrea Natalie's Stonewall Riots collections. If *New Yorker* cartoons were a little racier and had anything to do with our lives, or if Gary Larson cartoons were just a little pervy, you'd have an Andrea Natalie cartoon. Who knew Ms. Potato Head came with that extra special attachment?

### Our Veterans

Often a woman contributed to one issue of *Gay Comix* or some other periodical and then disappeared off the radar screen (without even collecting royalty checks, in at least one case), but many have persevered and are creating lesbian images today. Alison Bechdel's *Dykes to Watch Out For* has been reflecting lesbian experience with

Jennifer Camper has been mincing penises, not words, since forever. In 1980 her first strip, *Cookie Jones, Lesbian Detective*, appeared in *Gay Community News*; that's a long time to keep your game face on, but she's pretty remarkable. She excels at twirling paradigms and creating opposite realities in order to drive home a point. Good examples are "If Men Got Pregnant" and "Heterosexuals in the Military." She's got a collection of



From "I Used to Love a Boi" by Leanne Franson

cartoons called *Rude Girls and Dangerous Women* and an apocalyptic, surreal graphic novel, *subGURLZ*, about three variously super-powered women living together in derelict subway tunnels. She's straight-ahead X-rated

## The cast of *DTWOF* lick nipples, toes, and clitorises with the best, inserting fingers and sundry other delights with abandon.

insight, heart, and incredible talent since 1983. Some say that Bechdel doesn't do sex in the strip. It's true that there are never tight close-ups of genitalia, but the cast of *DTWOF* lick nipples, toes, and clitorises with the best, inserting fingers and sundry other delights with abandon. And not just under a nice down comforter, either. There's the floor, the living room futon, an office chair, the library stacks—and Lois has even had her (rubber) dick sucked by a sexy FTM mechanic while pinned against a VW bug in a greasy garage. No sex, my butt plug! Bechdel is self-syndicated and appears in numerous publications, as well as online and in several paperback collections.

with the sex and her sweet-faced heroines are often just as forceful in their dealings with men as Hothead Paisan on a very, very bad day.

And speaking of Hothead, Diane DiMassa's homicidal heroine is so lustily busy righting the wrongs of the world that she seldom pauses to enjoy plain old lust. Occasionally she does tumble—rowdily, as you would expect. One raucous tryst/chase/wrestling match happens all over the neighborhood and finally all around Hothead's apartment, causing her cat, Chicken, to leave in disgust. There is an interesting romance with (I'm assuming) an MTF charmer named Daphne. I can only wonder if

*continued on page 67*



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## Coming Next Issue

### The Diversity Issue

Explore the ways diversity and difference affect our love and sex lives.

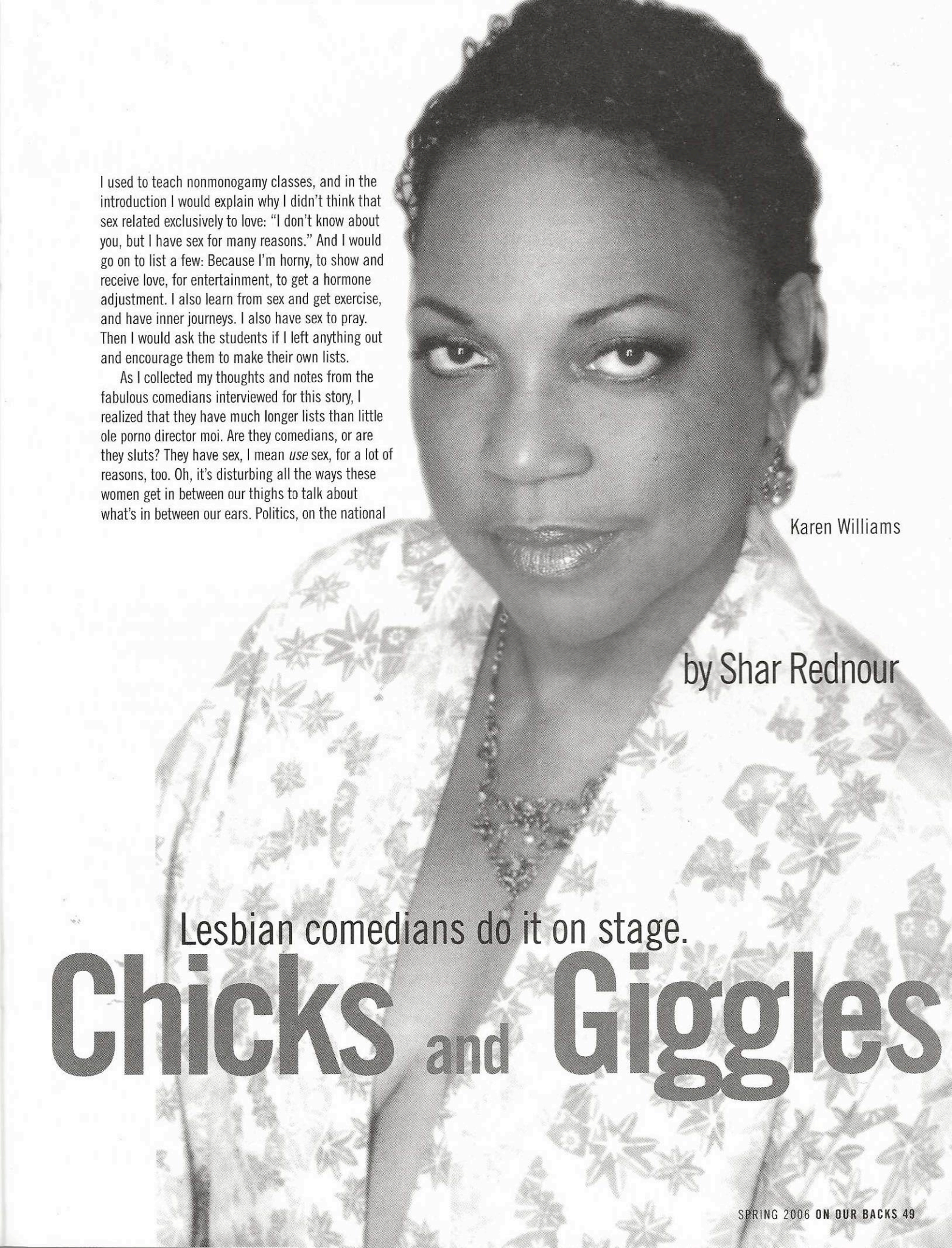
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I used to teach nonmonogamy classes, and in the introduction I would explain why I didn't think that sex related exclusively to love: "I don't know about you, but I have sex for many reasons." And I would go on to list a few: Because I'm horny, to show and receive love, for entertainment, to get a hormone adjustment. I also learn from sex and get exercise, and have inner journeys. I also have sex to pray. Then I would ask the students if I left anything out and encourage them to make their own lists.

As I collected my thoughts and notes from the fabulous comedians interviewed for this story, I realized that they have much longer lists than little ole porno director moi. Are they comedians, or are they sluts? They have sex, I mean *use* sex, for a lot of reasons, too. Oh, it's disturbing all the ways these women get in between our thighs to talk about what's in between our ears. Politics, on the national

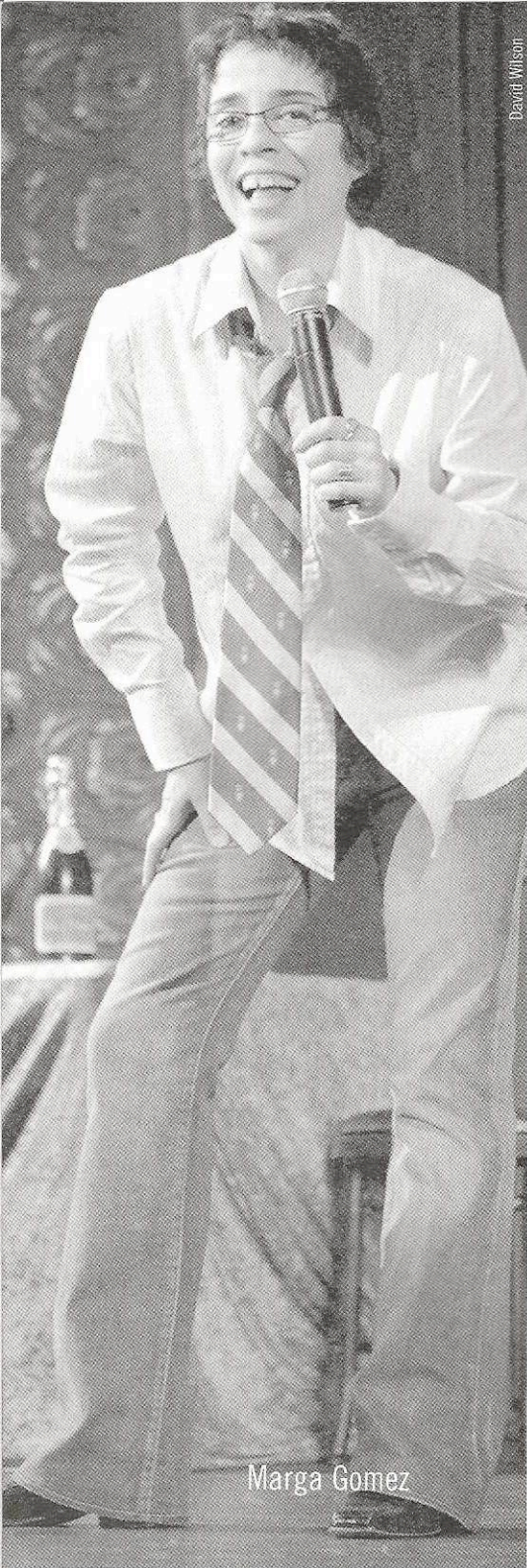
Karen Williams

by Shar Rednour

Lesbian comedians do it on stage.

# Chicks and Giggles





Marga Gomez

front and on the isle of lesbos, current events, from Martha Stewart to the latest celebrities coming out; and then, yeah, using sex to talk about, well, sex. From the sex police to sex clubs, butt plugs to dolphin dildos, whatever the latest trendy position is or which one they are glad to see gone, these proudly out comedians never shy away from the one thing that deviates us from the norm—our sexuality.

The gorgeous, brilliant, and I would say

## Whether it's spanking or snoring, if we do

tireless, although she would disagree, Karen Williams explains, "My act is all about sex, because I believe that lesbians need to have a sexual forum for our lives which includes our sexual identities, what we do or don't do in bed, or for love, or for just plain fun."

Marga Gomez, fabulously subtle until she starts humping the microphone stand, tells me, "Sex has been my number one topic until just recently. I have been told that some couples hurry home to get it on after my shows. But my friends are embarrassed for me and sit in the back. These days, I'm trying to focus more on politics and family and give my libido a rest."

A favorite to us San Franciscans, the hilarious and insightful Karen Ripley just lays it out: "My sex life is political. The LGBT family loves to have their lives acknowledged. So I talk about vibrators, dildos, butt plugs, and oral sex—things that are true for many LGBT people." That's my girl.

Then there's the original Detroiter, now East Coaster but still high from her activist injection of San Francisco years, Mimi Gonzalez. "Having been a San Francisco nineties political queer activist, I'm sex-positive, so my work is sex-positive."

### Patriotism

In her show, as seen in the DVD *Laughing Matters*, Kate Clinton repeatedly uses sex to show her patriotism. "After the 9/11 crisis, the mayor said, 'Eat out'... Perhaps he meant restaurants." She tells her lover, "No, honey, the mayor said we *had* to do this. Just put your head back and sing 'God Bless America' like Kate Smith."

With the heightened security in our airports, Clinton gives us tips about packing: "I like to pack large sex devices ... *right on top*. I go through it because I love my country," she says in her trademark innocent, lyrical voice. And she also comments on the "random wandering" we've all experienced; she says she really understands the meaning of "heightened state of alert."

### The Trendiness of Our Sex Lives

Whether it's spanking or snoring, if we do it, these babes cover it. Gomez used to do a hilarious bit about going to a sex club in New

York where you had to sign a waiver to go in and about how seriously they took it. "Read the waiver," she screams, "read it, read it!" She didn't spell it out, but is that the mixing of lesbian sex police with fun fag morality? Or is it the good ole American spirit of worrying about being sued? Then she goes on to point out how lesbians can never be anonymous about sex, winding through the club labyrinth—there's the chiropractor, there's your soccer coach.

Marga Gomez may joke about visiting a sex club, but Mimi Gonzalez actually used to perform in them. And she performed in a porno, too—the *Fatale* flick misnamed *Safe Is Desire* (shoulda been called *Club Hot Sex*, but that's a different story). Back then she was known as Mimi=Freed.

"What makes you a lesbian?" Gonzalez demands over the phone. "Sex. I'm the bi-nority, sooo ... lesbian sex is half my act." I laugh. "There are some lesbians out there who aren't having sex, and yet they still get to call themselves 'lesbian.' We all know who they are: grumpy, extra politically correct, and always dateless, even at a potluck."

What is it about potlucks? All these comics make jokes about potlucks. I think we don't have enough of them in San Francisco.

I asked Karen Williams if she ever gets serious questions about sex from fans. She says, "If someone asks: 'Butch or femme—who should be the aggressor?' she's not having sex."

Maybe I shouldn't call safer sex a trend, but girl, did the comedians jump on that one. Dental dams provide endless jokes.

Karen Ripley perfectly exemplifies how humor uses the truth to hold up a mirror, innocently at times and sometimes with sadness woven in. "In the eighties, I was so disappointed in the fact that safe sex wasn't for women. What I mean is, condoms, condoms, and more condoms. So I took a trash bag, cut two holes in it for my legs, and talked about how to protect your vagina. 'Don't bite a hole in it! Then you will exchange fluids! Hefty Bag for young hardy rockers and the Lawn and Leaf Bag for big gals. Don't get mad, get glad.'" I laugh hysterically. "Then I held a dental dam up to my mouth and stuck my tongue into it. Women would wail! Partly from the image and partly



## these babes cover it.

because they hadn't seen one before. Lesbians were in so much denial regarding AIDS. If you were a dyke and you slept with a man, in those days, you didn't tell anyone."

What about cyber sex? Gomez goes into sticky details about her adventures on the in-and-out-and-internet.

### Sex Education

Karen Williams went to a sex workshop where the younguns wore butt plugs around their necks. "I thought they were pacifiers! I didn't know! I didn't know!" She uses this to bring up aging.

This seems to be a big topic because most of the comics are nearly forty or are older than forty. Clinton goes into detail about menopause and sex. "Now making love is like hydroplaning... [my lover] used to say 'You're wet'; now she says 'You're damp.'" She assures the audience that she's still a top, but now she's a "lazy top." Her audience laughs. "I'm still in charge—I just have to lie down."

### Just Plain Talking About Sex

"People are very confused about lesbian sex. Even we're confused," Williams says.

Leave it to her to hit the bottom line. "Masturbation is great when you're broke. I mean, you know where that hand has been." (Whereas I have to objectively explain masturbation's merits to couple-centric assimilationists who take my class to expand their "wild side.")

Sex educators like me owe a lot to Williams, Clinton, and all the other comics who discuss sex in their acts, because when lesbians hear their jokes about ejaculating, etc., they laugh but then come running to me to ask, "Does this really happen?" Or "Can I wear a butt plug around my neck too?"

When Ripley went to the Michigan Womyn's Music and Comedy Festival, she looked at the items in Babeland's booth. She told me, "The gal behind the counter had blue hair and many facial piercings. She held up some anal beads. I said, 'What an interesting necklace.' She said, 'That goes up your butt.' I said, 'Nooo, that's a necklace.' She said, 'That goes up your *butt!*' I thought, 'You kids today—if you can put a ring in your nose, you can put a

necklace up your butt.'" She practically makes me pee my pants. She goes on, "All I know is through the years, the amount of sexual freedom has been awesome. When I was a puppy dyke, if you wanted a dildo, you had to write to some company in New York, and three weeks later you'd get a big pink dick in the mail with the balls attached. I'd cut the balls off 'cause they got in the way.

We didn't have a corn-on-the-cob dildo or a dolphin or a choice of color. And when you couldn't find a harness, you'd use your 501 button-fly jeans—that would hold pretty firm. It all comes together... educate, entertain, take pride in yourself, and get to shock a few folks, too."

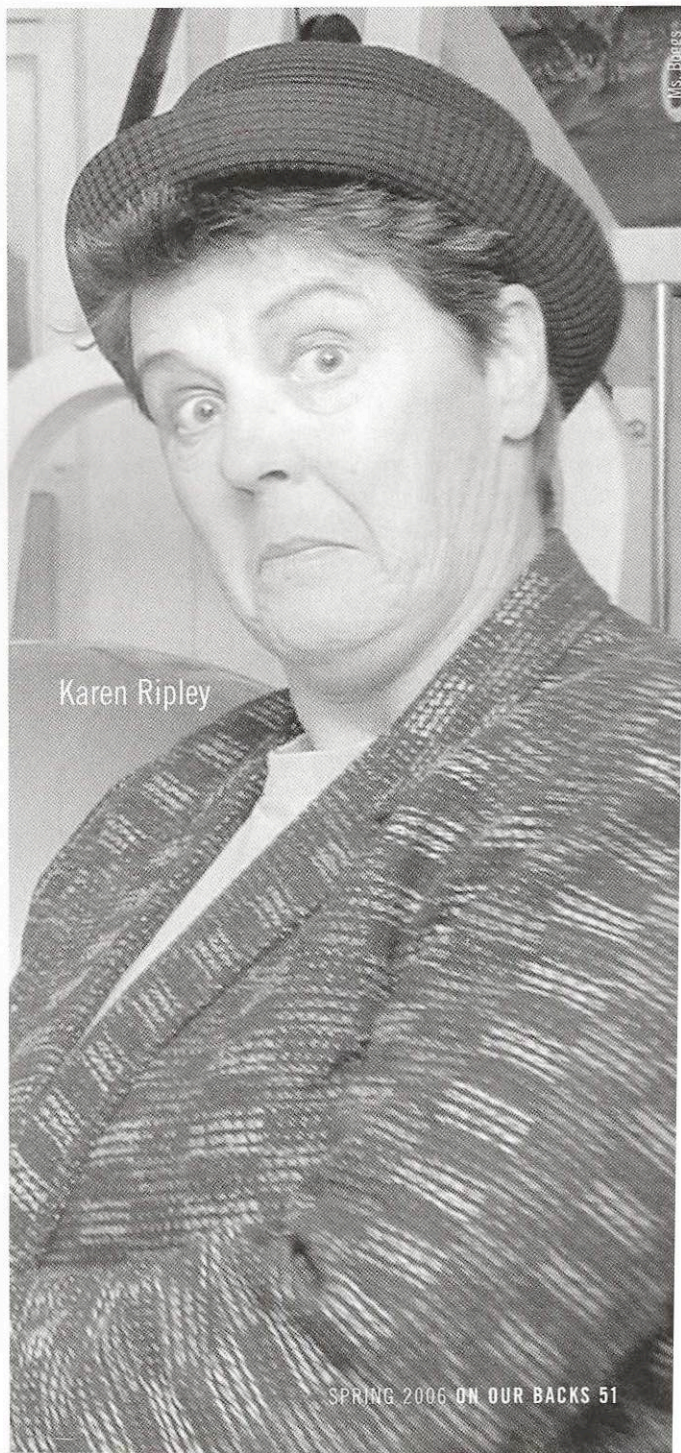
### On Getting Dates

"Does being a lesbian comic help you in the dating world?" I ask. Williams says, "Sure, being on stage has its own electromagnetic energy. I can see the gleam in a girl's eye as I saunter offstage with my own swagger on; it's just that I've already come six, eight, ten, twelve times with anywhere from one hundred to eight hundred thousand people (the largest crowd I played was at one of the marches on Washington), so anything right after that is anticlimatic. So I usually collect phone numbers and if I'm interested, I'll follow up."

"When you're a little shy or nerdy like me," Gomez replies, "being a comedian helps you gain entrance into the dating world. Women appreciate a good laugh in bed, but if you really want to score, be a musician or spoken word artist." Does she know I am a Sister Spit alum?

### Times a Changin'

I wondered aloud to Gonzalez how the material changes over the years. Are we so predictable, or are there areas she didn't see coming? For years she's performed to a variety of audiences, and she changes her act accordingly. "Now I incorporate traditional heterosexual models into the homosexual. I think breeding is a status



Karen Ripley



symbol. I do jokes on mortgages, investment portfolios, and marriage!" Gonzalez lays it on the line. "I'm against marriage—not because my father is on his tenth one"—I laugh as she squeezes in that throw-away—"but because I believe in old-fashioned feminist values." She says adamantly, "That's not just nonmonogamy but expressing yourself sexually, being

Mimi Gonzalez

**"You kids today—if you can put a ring in your nose, you can put a necklace up your butt."**

—Karen Ripley

yourself!" She goes on, "I now have to talk about family values... to *queers*! Somehow this family values thing has been taken to heart by the homos." I asked, "So in the past, straights used to co-opt our fashion and art, and now we are co-opting their values?"

"That's it, Shar. You got it."

"Sex is not important to all LGBT people," Ripley tells me, "but it is to me, and we are still being jailed and tortured for the way we love. So if it makes you feel safe, strong, and trusting, let it be."

Straight people have straight lives to watch on TV, on the street, and in the dollar store. And I have to tell ya—*Will & Grace* doesn't cut it. If you want to feel normal, and yeah, maybe sexy, try laughing at yourself. **003**



For more information on **Kate Clinton**, visit [www.kateclinton.com](http://www.kateclinton.com), or see page 32.

For more information on **Marga Gomez**, including where to see her perform, visit [www.margagomez.com](http://www.margagomez.com). Or check out her 1997 CD, *Hung Like a Fly*, available at [www.goldenrod.com](http://www.goldenrod.com).

**Mimi Gonzalez** has been on the road since

1998. For more information, or to see if she's headed to a town near you, visit [www.mimigonzalez.com](http://www.mimigonzalez.com).

For more information on **Karen Ripley**, including how to book a show, visit her online at [www.karenripley.com](http://www.karenripley.com).

**Karen Williams** is the founder and CEO of the International Institute of Humor, a.k.a

the HaHa Institute. Her new DVD and CD, *The Power of Pussy*, are scheduled for release in 2006. Find out more at [www.hahainstitute.com](http://www.hahainstitute.com).

Andrea Meyerson's documentary *Laughing Matters*, featuring Kate Clinton, Marga Gomez, Suzanne Westenhoefer, and Karen Williams, can be found at [www.wolfefideo.com](http://www.wolfefideo.com).





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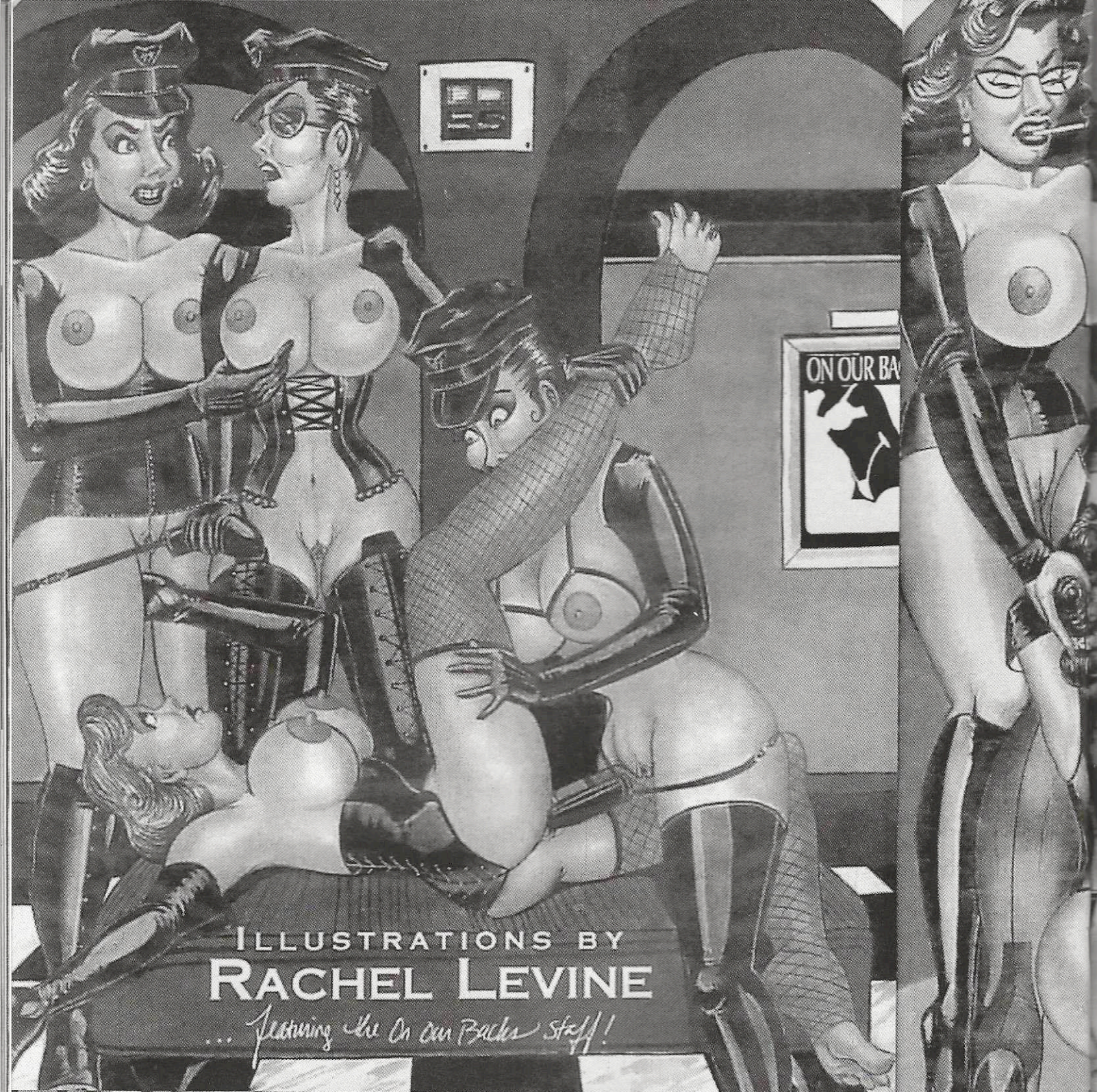
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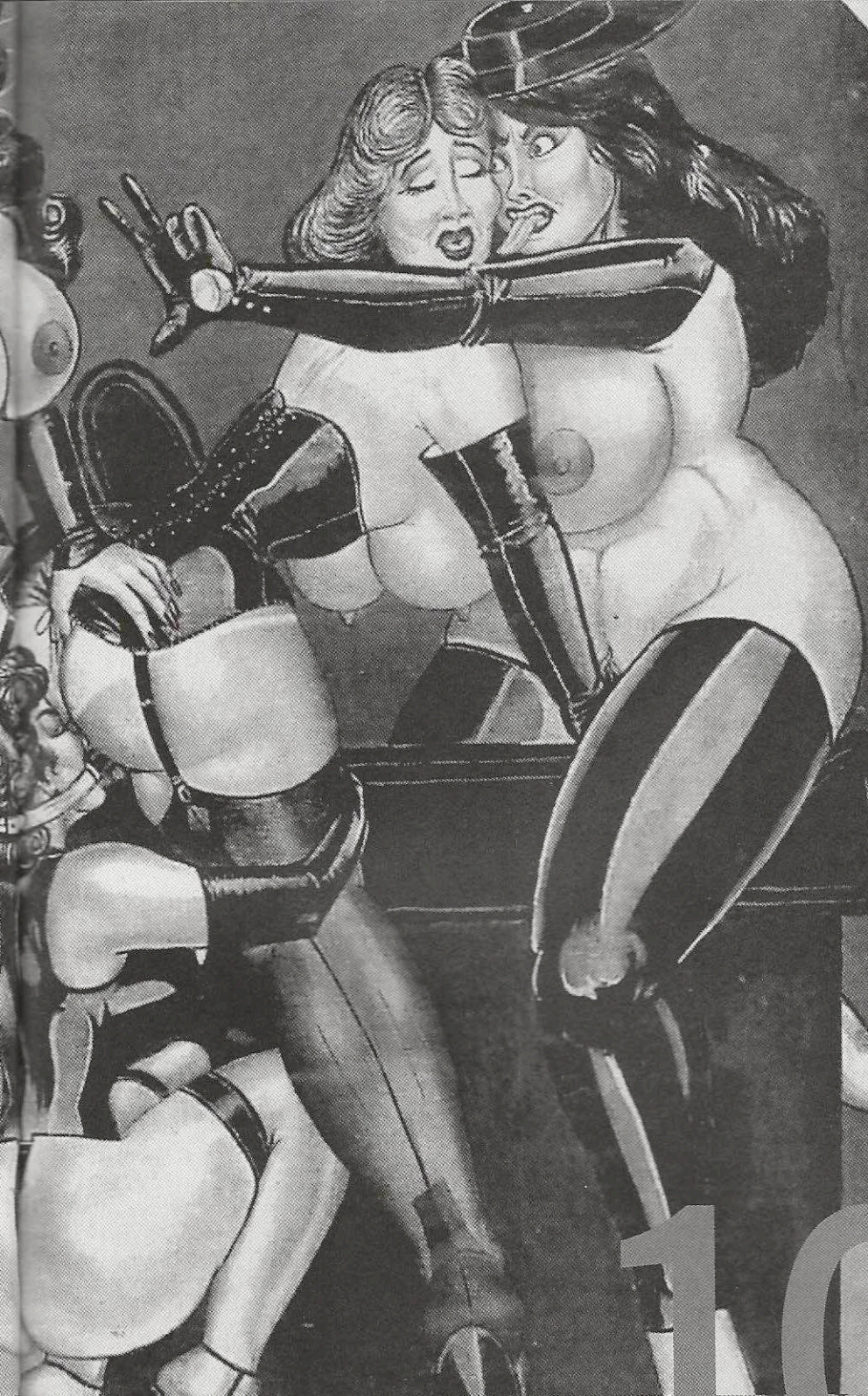


ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**RACHEL LEVINE**

*... featuring the On Our Backs Staff!*

# A Day in the Life

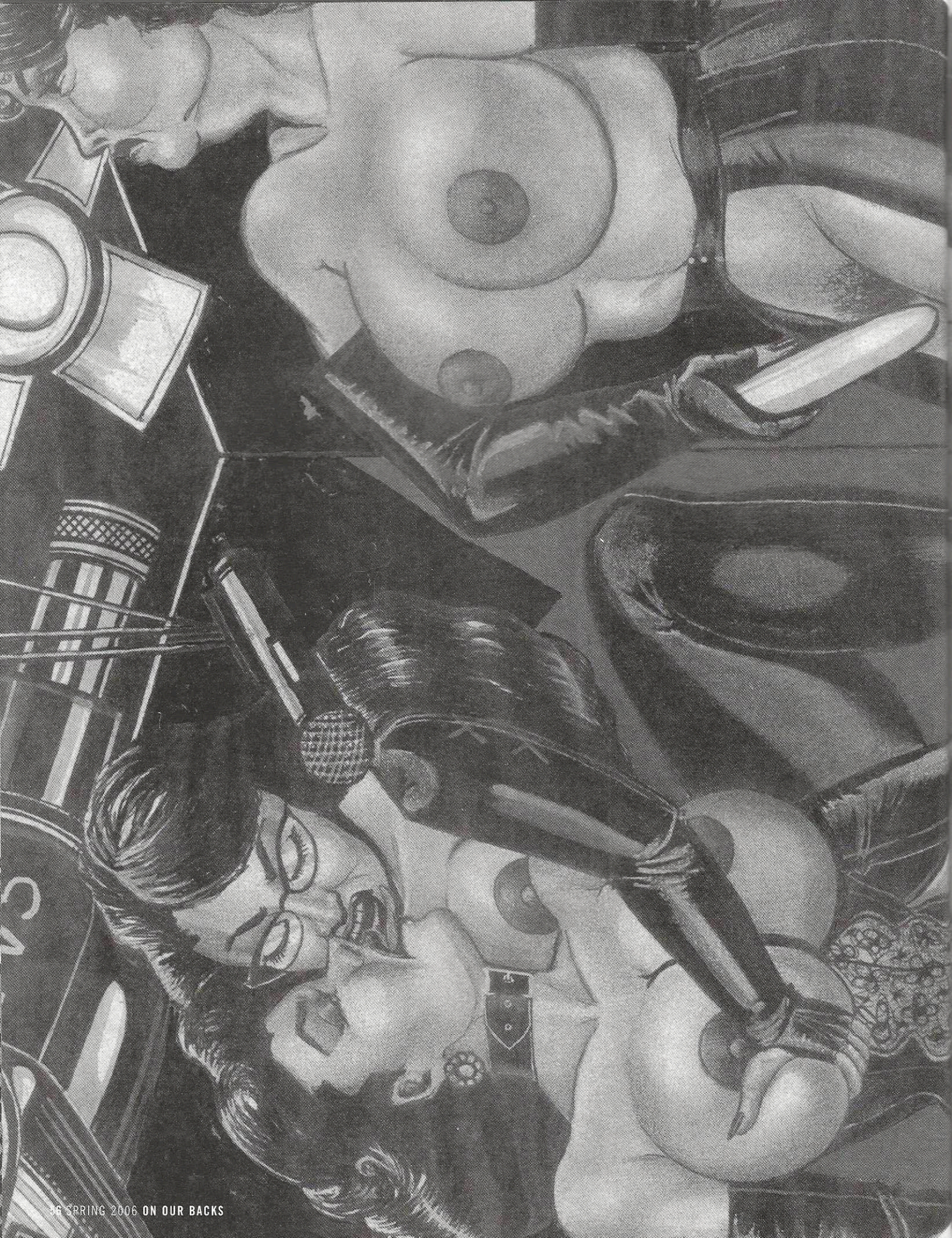




Back in the day, when our current editor in chief, Heather Findlay, was editor of *On Our Backs*, an artist using the name Rachel Levine sent her kinky drawings of very large-breasted women. Rachel asked Heather for photographs of the *On Our Backs* staff, and back came these wonderfully wicked illustrations featuring (from left) Dana Spake, Nan Kinney, Meredith Tanzer, Zannah Noe, Heather Findlay, Melissa Murphy, and Diane Anderson. Rachel's contributor bio identified her as a British flight attendant and part-time cartoonist, but years later, when Heather read the obituary of Eric Stanton, known as "the father of fetish," she recognized him as the true creator of both "Rachel" and this artwork. We hope you enjoy this humorous trip back in time.

**10 Years of *On Our Backs*—circa 1994**











# Ped-Antics

My girlfriend, Mallory, has the most talented pair of peds I've ever had the pleasure of playing footsies with. The girl is as dexterous with her toes as most people are with their fingers. And for a confirmed female foot fanatic like me, that makes for ped heaven on earth.

I met Mal at a fashion show; we were both swimsuit modeling for a lunchtime crowd of horny businessmen. Her legs are every bit as long, luscious, and liquid-inducing as mine, which is what first attracted me to her, of course.

But what really brought a tear of joy to my pussy was when I witnessed her pick up her bikini top backstage—with her bare foot. Her

over the results. I thought Mal would get along great with the curvaceous babe, too, so I brought her home for dinner one night.

We ate and drank and talked, our conversation getting decidedly more wicked as Belinda described her close encounters with some of her favorite well-heeled customers at the shoe store. I lapped it all up, and before long Belinda and I were openly playing footsies with one another, caressing each other with our feet. Mal not-so-subtly fingered her crotch in silent appreciation. It didn't take long for all three of us to hotfoot it into the bedroom.

We anxiously kissed and caressed one

one, the leggy girl finally extended her long, gleaming limbs toward us. She placed one of her delicately arched peds on each of our smoldering pussies and started fondling.

Belinda and I hungrily kissed each other and squeezed and rubbed one another's boobs, while Mal played with our pussies. Belinda moaned into my mouth when Mal slid her big toe into the girl's slit. Mal pumped her toe back and forth in Belinda's pussy, feeling up the girl's big breasts with her other foot, the blonde panting like a bitch in heat.

And after toe-fucking Belinda for a good, long while, rolling and pulling on the babe's

**Belinda moaned into my mouth when Mal slid her big toe into the girl's slit.**

long, slender toes plucked that skimpy piece of swimsuit and brought it up to her hand in a gesture of absolutely amazing coordination. And I knew right then and there that I had to have those agile toes on my body, feeling up my breasts, pumping my pussy, playing with my clit. And I soon did.

I introduced myself, and we got to know one another, our likes and dislikes, our fetishes. We had foot-fantastic sex right from the get-go, me licking her playful peds, nibbling on her succulent toes, while she toed my nipples, pussy, and clit. She'd get me off in a heated gush with her talented feet, and then I'd reciprocate with my fingers and mouth. Mal doesn't totally share my flights of foot fancy, but she's sure doesn't mind providing them.

But something we did share recently was another girl. I met blond, leggy Belinda at a women's shoe store. She was one of the clerks there, and I could instantly tell she was a fellow foot fetishist by the way she handled my stockinged feet, lovingly easing them into a sexy pair of red pumps, and oohing and aahing

another, then tore off our clothes and collapsed onto the bed under the sheer weight of our sexual excitement. We rolled around in each others' arms for awhile, Mal and I getting to know Belinda's overripe body on a more intimate basis. Eventually, I ended up lying flat on my stomach, my head in between Mallory's legs, licking her pussy and tickling her clit, while Belinda lapped at the crinkly bottoms of my feet and sucked on my toes from behind.

I reveled in the feel of Belinda's velvety tongue on my sensitive soles, her hands all over my legs, the tangy scent and taste of Mal's juicy pussy. And it wasn't long before I brought my raven-haired girlfriend to a shuddering climax, knowing just how to tongue her for maximum results. Then I suggested she do the same to Belinda and me—feet-first, of course.

Belinda and I sat up on the bed, backs to the headboard, an arm around each other's shoulders, while Mal sat in front of us. After teasing us unmercifully for awhile, pulling her feet up to her mouth and sucking on her toes, tonguing in between them one by wriggling

stiffened nipples with her nimble foot-digits, Mal slid her dripping big toe out of Belinda's pussy and brought it up to the girl's mouth, so she could lick her own juices off. Belinda eagerly slurped on Mal's toe, running her tongue around and around the outstretched appendage, before slithering her tongue in between the other toes in line.

Mal pulled her foot away, covered both of our pussies with her exquisite peds again and started toe-fucking the two of us. She inserted all of her toes into our pussies, except for her big toes, which she used to buff our clits while she pumped our slits.

She went faster and faster, Belinda and I clinging to one another, our bodies rocking in rhythm to Mal's wicked peds. We shook with joy, Mal toeing us to a shattering climax. We gushed pussy juice all over her delectable feet, whimpering our thanks as we quivered with ecstasy.

We three gals have hooked up plenty of times since, and Mallory is always adept at foot-handling the situation. 

by Lynn Lake, illustration by Melissa West







# What American People Eat

Glenn, half-asleep, thinks the pop of frying bacon sounds more like skipping vinyl. So why doesn't Beverly pick up the needle and turn over the record?

Opening her beady eyes makes her aware of the air in the studio apartment. The smell of grease, peppery and rich, will sink into the bathrobes hanging over the mirror. It will filter into the flannel-lined hats lining the back of the door. She imagines it might even clog the pores of the plants hanging at the rusty kitchen window.

Ever since Glenn bought her girl that apron, with the scalloped hem and tiny pockets and red prints of roosters, she's woken up to American food sizzling on the stove. All the Tupperware'd meals she'd collected from her mom, whenever she made it into the city, got washed of their cumin, lentils, and turmeric. They sit empty in the lowest drawer, beside the new roll of parchment paper.

Beverly replaced cucumbers with carrots and spinach with red-leaf lettuce. The frozen, cubed lamb got pushed to the back of the freezer, already obscured by growing frost as neat stacks of pork roast took their place.

Reinventing herself as a cook, Beverly insists on walking—even in snow—to the bakery every day for bread that comes in square loaves instead of flat discs. The green glass bottles in the spice rack above the sink are labeled in marker: Black Pepper, Allspice, Garlic Powder.

Glenn pushes herself up on one elbow in bed, wondering how long this kick of American food will

last. She has to admit—she didn't know how much she liked potatoes slathered with onions and fried in vegetable oil (but which vegetable?) alongside crispy bacon, scrambled eggs, and buttered toast, washed down with sugared coffee. Is this why those young couples line up around the corner at the diner down the street on Sundays, their sunglasses hiding hungover pupils?

Rubbing her face, Glenn catches a whiff of her hand. It smells like Beverly, and she suddenly remembers how they spent the night, entangled limbs getting in the way of writhing, her whole hand so far up Beverly's cunt that she couldn't give her anymore. She sniffs deeper underneath her fingers where Beverly has burrowed, hibernating for the season.

"You want milk in your coffee? I think I already put in the milk," Beverly calls, just able to see Glenn's bare shoulder past the corner of the fridge, which is plastered with magnets from La Leche League, where she works.

"There's already coffee? Should I get up?" Glenn loves the warmth under the sheets.

"You stay there. Don't hurry it." Pans rattle against the burners. The stove is the largest thing in the room. They decided that the owners must have abandoned the downstairs restaurant at the same time this apartment's stove broke, so somehow the landlords heaved the six-burner appliance up the back stairs and crammed it into the corner. It even has a metal griddle

by Julian Tirhna, illustration by Candace Sepulis







in the center. It must be four feet of solid metal, just a few chips out of the enamel. Fingers of corrosion haven't quite taken hold. With the old-fashioned pilot lights always on, all eight of them, the stove seeps heat day and night.

Like every morning, Glenn pulls on pants over her boxers and does her stretches on the floor. Down there, the breakfast smells seem to hang even thicker in the air, and she swims through them to touch her toes and crack her back.

More than feeding her, Beverly has been checking the progress the meals have made—a little pinch on Glenn's upper arm in the

white bow around her waist and the scallops down her thighs.

Glenn pretends that Beverly is dressed, at least in her knickers, when she sits down. She keeps her eyes on the table, intensely interested in how the napkins are folded and how many pieces of bacon each should eat. Beverly twists gracefully from the counter to the table, the sink to the icebox, pushing her bangs behind her ears with hands that are dusted with flour and oiled with butter. The hot food steams up the window. It eases Glenn's concern that someone else would sneak a look

the rickety chair croaks. Glenn takes her napkin and tries to rub the dribbles of syrup that decorate her chin. She pushes her plate away from her, not knowing what other American motion to make to signal the end of a satiating meal. Shyly, she slides her foot under the table until it nudges Beverly's chubby ankle.

"Honey, that was some delicious food. You learned how to do that all by yourself?" Glenn teases, honestly not knowing if the chef had a cookbook in the cupboard, a latticed-crust apple pie featured on the cover.

"I learned it all." Beverly presses her leg

## Glenn kneads at the hunks of maple-baked ham, dipping her nose in the crinkles of shaved chocolate, seeking out the firm cashew.

shower, a squeeze around her middle when saying goodbye, a lingering at her thigh in bed. Glenn feels like the kid at the house made of candy, getting fattened up so she can nestle inside a roasting pan and slide into an oven cavernous enough for a plump child.

Glenn wants to wash her face but doesn't want Beverly's scent scrubbed off her hands, so she just rubs her face with a towel that smells of onions.

The kitchen shade is usually closed to keep the neighbors from looking in, but Beverly pulled it open last night after the light bulb gave out. Now, a lemony light flutters around the fruit bowl. All the napkins are folded into triangles, like at a restaurant.

The problem is, underneath the rooster apron, Beverly isn't wearing any other clothes. The bodice of the apron covers the top of her tits, but they hang out the sides when she lifts the pan of banana bread. From the front, Glenn can't see through the short skirt, but the cook's ass is neatly framed from the back with the

at her girlfriend's plump, golden ass, brown and rising like vanilla cakes in two round pans.

They eat, clinking forks and butter knives instead of spoons and chopsticks. The food transforms Beverly, her cheeks fat from potatoes smeared with ketchup and eggs dipped in thick mayonnaise. Her lips glisten with oil and butter, but she licks them off and bites for more. They speak little; when one wants more coffee or another scoop of applesauce, they just grin. Glenn keeps herself from whistling when her girlfriend stands up and reveals those twin cakes. Glenn wishes she knew how to make icing from scratch. Do you whip cream? Use a whisk on eggs, sugar, or sticks of softened butter? Does the powdered sugar sift in drifts like dry snow?

Finally, Beverly soaks up the runny part of her fried egg with a hunk of spongy bread and swallows for the last time. Like an old man after a Thanksgiving dinner they've seen on TV, she spreads her legs wide, rubs her stomach with the palm of her hand, and leans back so

against her girlfriend's so that her apron shifts and reveals her honeyed thigh. It spreads across the slatted seat like candied yams, coppery and glazed.

"You must learn pretty fast there, girl." Glenn pulls her up, tucking the chairs neatly under the table.

"But I got a few things you don't know about yet."

As gingerly as she would coax the dark pit from a cherry, Glenn eases Beverly in front of the wide, white stove with its gaping oven window. Taking her arms at the elbows, she backs Beverly gently against the solid handle of the oven, the chrome rail warm but not burning to the touch. "These loaves of pumpernickel haven't quite browned enough. Back in they go."

Beverly's nutty ass toasts against the oven, and Glenn sets about preparing the other courses. She unties the string holding the rounds of soft cheese, wrapped in tea-dyed cheesecloth, dotted in their center with purple



olives. She peels away more packaging to reveal the oval pancakes, perfectly golden.

Ducking under the skirt of the apron, Glenn's head disappears beneath the towel that keeps a baker's dozen of pumpkin muffins warm. She kneads at the hunks of maple-baked ham, dipping her nose in the crinkles of shaved chocolate, seeking out the firm cashew. Licking it, she can taste a dust of cinnamon, nutmeg, and vanilla rising up from a blue-ribbon bakery. Glenn sticks her finger in the moist pound cake to see if the middle is done.

"You know everything that Americans eat? Is this what they like to eat?" Glenn pushes her tongue in between the butter-slickened summer squash, steaming in a scant inch of boiling water. The crescents tremble beneath her lips, humid and wholesome, but she resists biting into the flesh until it gets softer.

As delicately as if she were peeling apples, Glenn eases underneath the rind that keeps the cashew from her mouth. Above her, Beverly pictures an endless line of pies and tarts and puddings and crisps and bars and tortes and custards floating out of the wide oven's mouth, with bubbling fillings and steaming crusts. The more they traipse out, the wider she spreads her feet, making room for more desserts.

They bake like that, with the urgency of filling orders for a christening, a wedding, a funeral, like their mothers would, with piles of food. Glenn keeps tasting sauces, nibbling tenders, stealing bites, while Beverly opens and closes the oven door, letting it breathe hot gusts or seal the warmth into sugared fruit and kneaded dough.

At last, Beverly gasps, her oven mitts perhaps not thick enough to keep the pans from burning her palms, searing another line for talent and one for lust. The same gasp escapes from Glenn, her taste buds exploding in that rosy sip of the juice that pours out of apples when you've baked them just right. 



# at merican

## People Eat



# On the Run

I like to fuck on the run. It's something you've gotten me used to. I wake abruptly from a dream about having you, of sipping you quickly from behind as you lean over your desk at work. Your pussy is liquid and as sweet as the inside of a jelly coconut, and I'm about to come. I stir when you shoot up from the bed, your eyes wide, staring at the clock.

"Shit! I'm late."

You hop from the bed, rubbing your eyes and scratching your tummy, slow in your haste for the bathroom and readiness for work. I blink, the vision of your sweet backside with its exclamation tattoo riding above it, still an afterimage, a temptation, and my own alarm clock flings me up in the bed to stare after you.

A quick shower, spritz of oil in your hair, the rapid brush of teeth. I hear all this from the bedroom, and in ten minutes you are back, glistening with lotion, to slip into freshly pressed khakis and a long-sleeved shirt put out from the night before. After eight months (that's at least six years in dyke time), the sight of you in those pants, in anything or nothing at all, still makes me wet.

You brush a finishing hand over your chest, check your fly to make sure that it's closed, then you come to me.

"Bye, baby." Your Colgate-fresh kiss swells my pussy even more. I practically slide across the bed to wrap my hands around your neck and pull you closer. Tongues dance, lips suck, a regretful moan.

"Baby. Late. Remember?"

Yes, I remember. So I let you go. But I follow from the bedroom to watch the twitch of your ass heading for the front door. You grab your briefcase and wallet, slip the keys into your pocket.

"Your fly is open," I say, and you look down, but I drop to my

by Fiona Zedde, illustration by Alexandra Lazar











knees to show you that it isn't, then it is so I can slip my fingers inside your panties. Wet. Just as I thought.

"Stop it. You know I have to go." But your pussy is too interested to make that sound convincing.

Your belt, your pants, your panties loosen and fall. Your back hits the door, and my tongue burrows between your thighs to find your clit. It is swollen and moist. I am intent on making you even later. You spread. I moan. My hands reach for your breasts. My pussy is full, belly tight, tongue running wet with the pleasure of having you.

The briefcase falls to the floor with a thud. You grab my head, pushing my mouth harder against you. The precious seashore wet of you spills down my chin. My tongue darts inside you. My nose nudges your clit, and I hear you.

"Yes, baby. Yes." Your fingers slip under my hair to grab my scalp. Their pressure is fierce and painful. The pain only spurs my pleasure on, ratcheting up the tension in my cunt. I leave your breasts, the tiny responsive nipples, alone. They can fend for themselves. Your smell is urgent and sweet. I want to do it slow. I want to savor the slick pussy wet of you, the fingers in my hair, the breathless parted lips vision of you. I want to milk your pussy, watch the wetness pour from you, then lick it all up, drop by drop. But I can't; we both have work to do.

I dive in, grab your ass, lick your clit with firm all-business-now pressure, then unable to help myself, sneak down to suck the moisture from your succulent cunt lips before going back up again to lavish your swollen sweet spot with kisses, licks, sucks, and ornate swirls of my tongue. You pump your hips against my face, one hand grabbing backward to find the doorknob, the wall, anything else to hold onto. The other hand is still clenched in my hair, massaging pain into me, pressing my mouth hard against your luscious cunt.

"I love you, baby," you hiss. "I fucking love you."

Your orgasm is loud and lovely. Fingers tugging at my hair, hips shuddering between me and the door, my name a mantra on your lips between yes's and your quick sipping breaths. Before the vibrations are gone from your thighs, I have you zipped up, buckled right, briefcase on your shoulder. Your mouth is bitten red. There's a glaze over your eyes. I kiss you quickly and peel you off the door.

"Now go. You're going to be late." My thighs are trembling, but my voice is firm.

Your eyes flicker over my body, the nipples swollen and at attention, pussy slick and ready to be fucked. You clear your throat.

"I'm already late anyway. Why don't we just—"

"No. Later. Call me at lunchtime, and we can take care of me together."

You shake your head, but I nod, flinging open the door. The neighbors have seen me naked enough times for it not to matter. "Call me at one o'clock. From your car."

We both know how it will be then. A sweet afternoon's delight. Me in my third floor office watching the street below, my chair tilted backward, and my legs braced apart on my desk. You in your dark-tinted Honda, windows fogged, and your nipples standing at attention beneath the starched shirt. Two cell phones and our two separate pairs of hands sliding past khaki and skirt, stripping aside boxers and bikini to dive into eagerly wet pussies. The sound of you on the phone always gets me there, your dirty mouth, the way your voice shallows and breaks just before you come. Yes, we both know how it will be when you call, but it doesn't make the anticipation any less powerful.

Your eyes get that familiar spark as you back slowly down the narrow hallway leading outside. You smile. Then I remember that I'm not the only one who likes to fuck on the run. **003**





From *Small Favors* #5 by Colleen Coover (Eros Comix, 2002)

Hothead's brashness with her is beguiling or offensive to a trans audience. Check out her huge (428 pages!) compilation called *The Complete Hothead Paisan: Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist*.

Leanne Franson draws very cute characters having

## Up with pretty girls! Up with vibrating dildos! Yay!

sex that sometimes makes me wince. No matter how lovingly cradled in the palm of a hand, a knife inserted into a vagina just brings out the "don't try this at home, kids" reflex in me. Her strips are wry and very honest examinations of lesbian manners, societal hypocrisy, love, loss, and relationships. They're often very funny and sometimes poignant. Her *Liliane*, *Bi-Dyke* mini comics, which she started drawing in 1992, have been collected into two volumes: *Assume Nothing* and *Teaching Through Trauma*. Her day job is children's book illustration. She does a daily *Liliane* comic online (see sidebar).

Joan Hilty is currently doing a strip called *Bitter Girl* about urban lesbianhood, available online (see sidebar). She sold her first cartoon to *Lesbian Connection* in 1990 and afterward popped up regularly in publications like *Gay Comix*, *Real Girl*, *Wimmen's Comix*, *the Advocate*, and the *Village Voice* before becoming an editor at DC Comics; she is now in charge of the *Powerpuff Girls* and other features in DC's Kids' Line.

### Our Future

Women are creating all kinds of lesbian comix/comics, and you can access a *lot* of them, no matter where you are, if you're connected to the internet. Some women are publishing exclusively online (like Justine Shaw, who draws *Nowhere Girl*), some are doing print and web (like Alison Bechdel and Leanne Franson), and at the very least, you can use the net to read all about your favorite artists, discover new ones, and find out where to send your check or money order for a book, mini comic, or imprinted underwear. You can even still order a copy of Roberta Gregory's vintage *Dynamite Damsels* (until she

empties that last boxful, anyway)!

Some of the relatively newer artists depicting the lesbian universe are Paige Braddock, who does *Jane's World*, a jauntily drawn slice-of-life ramble about a group of friends, some gay, some straight, some canine. The car windows don't get completely steamed up, just a little foggy. Ditto with Kris Dresen, who draws gorgeously and specializes more in poignancy than in pornography.

You'd think with a title like *XXX Live Nude Girls*, you'd have some pornography thrown in, but Laurenn McCubbin and Nikki Coffman's creations are more like art books: spare, taut, short stories with beautiful, painterly illustrations, full of girls making dubious life choices.

And while we're on the subject of dubious life choices, we have Ariel Schrag's sometimes harrowing accounts of her high school years in

Berkeley. In *Awkward*, *Definition*, *Potential*, and *Likewise* (serialized and still in progress), she obsessively details every crush, token, biology exam, high, and low she experienced. When I wasn't cringing and wondering where her parents were, I was touched by her insatiable zest for life and experience or empathizing with her terrible disappointments in love. Her graphic style veers from very crudely cartoony to quasi-photographic wash drawing. Often the cue for a sex or dream sequence is this stylistic change, with these scenes rendered in the latter style. She is published by Slave Labor Graphics.

Elizabeth Watasin's *Charm School* is about Bunny, "The Good Lil' Teen Witch," and her drag-racing butch vampire girlfriend, Dean. It becomes a triangle with the addition of a voluptuous faerie, Fairer Than. This is a campy little fantasy world on amphetamines. It's endearing and flirty, just hugs and kisses (and one vampire hickey), but it has the over-the-top histrionics of a good Shangri-las' song like "Leader of the Pack," complete with sound effects.

Colleen Coover's work is a magical mix of smut and cuteness. This is adorable pornography—spirited, fun, positive toward sex, sexuality, women, lesbianism. Up with pretty girls! Up with vibrating dildos! Yay!

So if you happen to live near a pretty hip establishment like Comic Relief in Berkeley, go there and ask for the lesbian stuff. But no matter where you are, you no longer have to depend on a store carrying—or the staff knowing about—comic art that's relevant to you. Get on the internet and you *will* find something validating, titillating, happy-making. I promise. ☺

## Surfing for Strippers

### CARTOONISTS ONLINE

**Alison Bechdel**

[www.dykestowatchoutfor.com](http://www.dykestowatchoutfor.com)

**Paige Braddock**

[www.janesworldcomics.com](http://www.janesworldcomics.com)

**Jennifer Camper**

[www.jennifercamper.com](http://www.jennifercamper.com)

**Colleen Coover**

[colleencoover.livejournal.com](http://colleencoover.livejournal.com)

**Diane DiMassa**

[www.hotheadpaisan.com](http://www.hotheadpaisan.com)

**Kris Dresen**

[www.krisdresen.com](http://www.krisdresen.com)

**Leanne Franson**

[liliane.keenspace.com](http://liliane.keenspace.com)

**Phoebe Gloeckner**

[www.ravenblond.com/pgloekner](http://www.ravenblond.com/pgloekner)

**Roberta Gregory**

[www.robertagregory.com](http://www.robertagregory.com)

**Joan Hilty**

[www.joanhilty.com](http://www.joanhilty.com)

**Lee Marrs**

[www.leemarrs.com](http://www.leemarrs.com)

**Laurenn McCubbin**

[www.laurenmmccubbin.com](http://www.laurenmmccubbin.com)

**Trina Robbins**

[www.trinarobbins.com](http://www.trinarobbins.com)

**Ariel Schrag**

[www.slavelabor.com](http://www.slavelabor.com)

**Justine Shaw**

[www.nowheregirl.com](http://www.nowheregirl.com)

**Elizabeth Watasin**

[www.a-girlstudio.com](http://www.a-girlstudio.com)

### OTHER RESOURCES

**Artbomb.net**

[www.artbomb.net](http://www.artbomb.net)

"A graphic novel explosion"

**Gay Comics List**

[gaycomicslist.free.fr/pages/](http://gaycomicslist.free.fr/pages/welcome.php)

[welcome.php](http://welcome.php)

News and reviews

**Gay League**

[www.gayleague.com](http://www.gayleague.com)

"The Fan Site for Gay Comic Readers and Creators"

**Lambiek**

[www.lambiek.net](http://www.lambiek.net)

Comiclopedia hosted by Europe's oldest comic book store

**Prism Comics**

[www.prismcomics.org](http://www.prismcomics.org)

Nonprofit promoting LGBT comics, creators, and themes

**Sequential Tart**

[www.sequentialtart.com](http://www.sequentialtart.com)

Web 'zine providing interviews, articles, and news about women in the comics industry



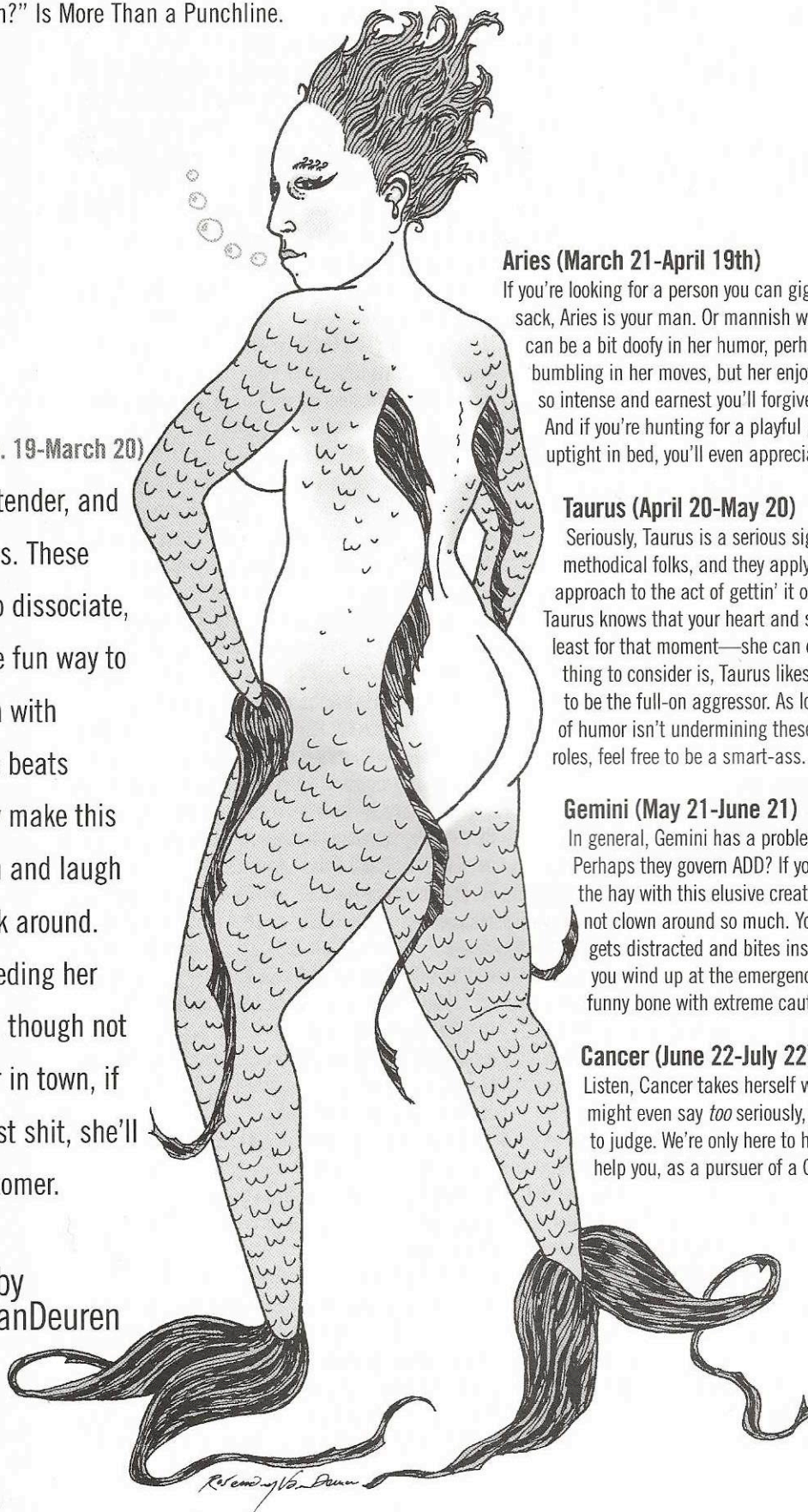
## Laughing Your Way Around the Zodiac

"What's Your Sign?" Is More Than a Punchline.

### Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Ah, the timid, tender, and touching Pisces. These nymphs love to dissociate, and what more fun way to check out than with laughter? Sure beats heroin! We say make this princess laugh and laugh and she'll stick around. She'll start needing her funny-fix, and, though not the only dealer in town, if you got the best shit, she'll be a loyal customer.

Illustration by  
Rosemary VanDeuren



### Aries (March 21-April 19th)

If you're looking for a person you can giggle with in the sack, Aries is your man. Or mannish woman, rather. She can be a bit doofy in her humor, perhaps even a bit bumbling in her moves, but her enjoyment of l'amour is so intense and earnest you'll forgive her the slapstick. And if you're hunting for a playful playmate who's not uptight in bed, you'll even appreciate it.

### Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Seriously, Taurus is a serious sign. They're methodical folks, and they apply that methodical approach to the act of gettin' it on. However, if Taurus knows that your heart and soul is into her—at least for that moment—she can crack a joke. One thing to consider is, Taurus likes at least one party to be the full-on aggressor. As long as your sense of humor isn't undermining these all-important roles, feel free to be a smart-ass.

### Gemini (May 21-June 21)

In general, Gemini has a problem with focus. Perhaps they govern ADD? If you've scored a roll in the hay with this elusive creature, take care to not clown around so much. You crack a joke, she gets distracted and bites instead of licks, and you wind up at the emergency room. Tickle this funny bone with extreme caution.

### Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Listen, Cancer takes herself way seriously. Some might even say *too* seriously, but we're not here to judge. We're only here to help. And it would help you, as a pursuer of a Cancer, to know that



she needs you to take her as seriously as she takes herself. Don't you dare crack any jokes at Cancer's expense unless you are certain—certain!—she's down with it.

### **Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)**

Leo is ready to go. Leo is a gregarious animal and is so playful while getting laid that she is likely to crack major jokes. And if you feel like clowning around, she's ready to go there. Unless, of course, your jokes make her feel small. Nobody likes that, and Leos like it less than anyone. Make her feel small and you're out on the street *sans* cab fare.

### **Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)**

If you're fucking a Virgo and some amazingly funny thing pops into your head, keep it to yourself. She'll only hold on to whatever it is you've said and analyze the grammar or the authenticity of the statement or whatever, and poof, just like that, the moment's gone. You've lost her. She's all up in her head, and it took so much to coax her out in the first place. Virgos aren't famous for their sense of humor. Keep yours out of the bedroom.

### **Libra (Sept. 23-Oct 22)**

Libras are so codependent, they can easily accommodate humor in the sack. If you want to joke, she wants to joke! Your needs are her needs, your whims are her whims. It's cozy like that. You might exchange *partnership oriented* for the harsher *codependent* in the statement above. What we're saying is, if your Libra lover knows how important it is for you to be able to laugh during the serious act of lovemaking, she'll acquiesce.

### **Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)**

Scorpio is randy. Scorpio is all revved up and ready to bang you over the back of the nearest public toilet. That's old news. Scorpio is the most versatile of the sex signs, and therefore it's hard

to find a perverted act they're not down for, even if it's a comedian-bombing-at-the-open-mic-and-must-be-spanked role play.

### **Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)**

Sagittarians love to goof it up in bed. Sagittarians really love anything that makes something lighter or more fun. They're very interested in keeping their moods high, so as long as you're sure your Sag isn't experiencing some sort of funk, feel free to keep the laughs coming. Also, the harder you guffaw at a Sag's joke, the more virile they become. It's their lil' blue pill.

### **Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)**

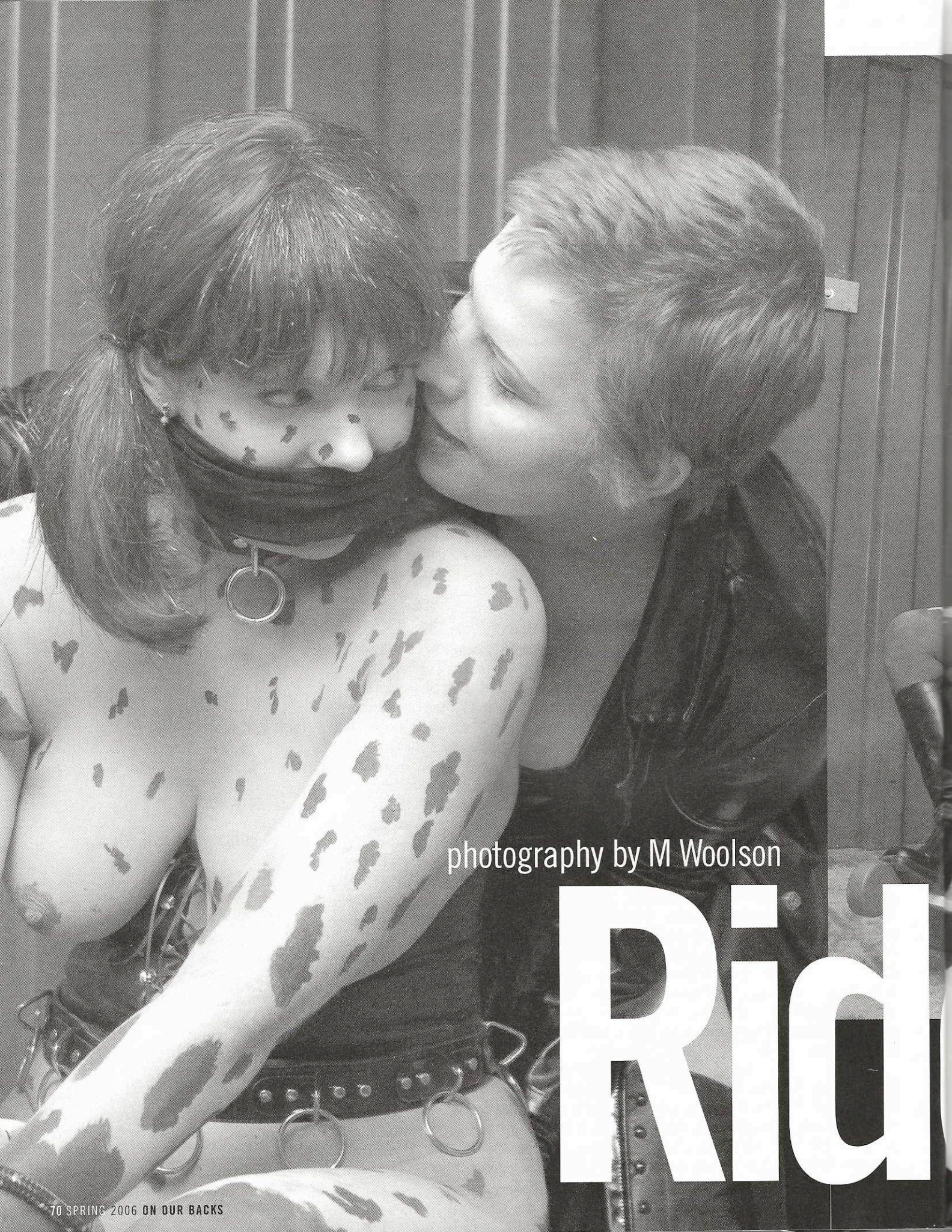
Capricorns take themselves so seriously, it's a really, really bad idea to crack a joke while schtupping one. The ultimate professionals in all areas of life, Capricorn is like that boss you once had who wrote you up for goofing too hard on the job. She's that grammar school teacher who had no patience for the class clown. Save your sense of humor for discreet sexual innuendo—type witticisms while watching the tube.

### **Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)**

Please, feel free to joke around while you're doing it with an Aquarian. Just please don't oppress her with your humor. No jokes about animal rights, no jokes about the environment, etc. Though Aquarians like to imagine themselves to be a veritable movement of openness, in reality they are not so open to anything that lampoons their strict sense of justice. Stick with the inoffensive; whoopee cushions and fart jokes in general should be big hits. ☺

*Award-winning writer Michelle Tea and intuitive counselor Jessica Lanyadoo have been fraternizing with fate together for the past seven years. Call Lanyadoo for an astrology or tarot reading at (415) 336-8354. Write to Double Team at [lovedoubleteam@hotmail.com](mailto:lovedoubleteam@hotmail.com).*





photography by M Woolson

# Ride



models: HeatherLyn and StarLyn  
makeup: M is for Makeup  
lighting: William Francis  
location: NIMBY, Oakland, California

Thanks and carrots to Platypus Man, Pony Davor,

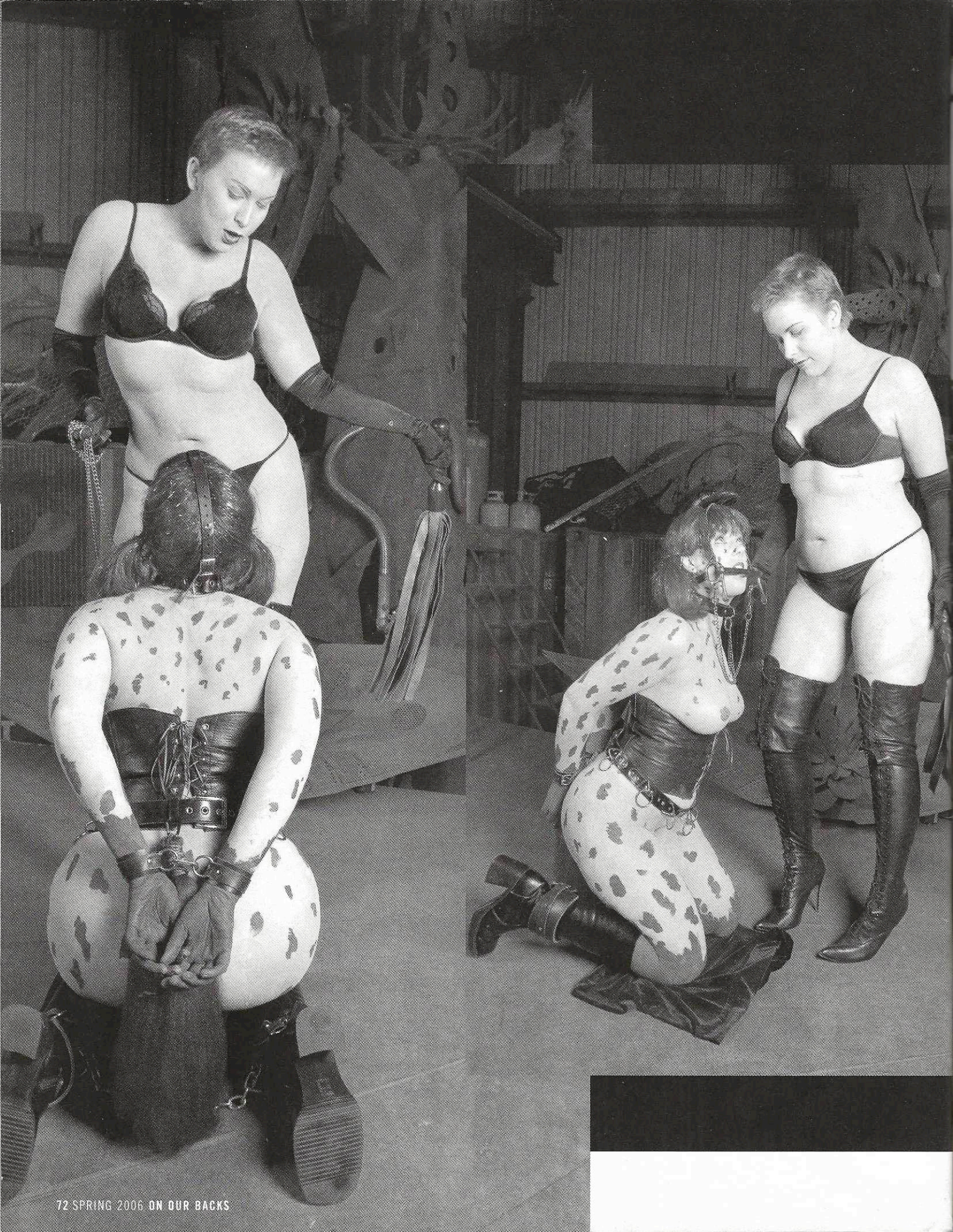
Zoe Blue, Tyler, Ms. Blair, Therm, and NIMBY.



Domina StarLyn found ponygirl HeatherLyn abandoned in a stable. StarLyn adopted and trained her foundling, who was lovingly rewarded for her good work. Together these painted creatures formed a magical bond, like those celebrated throughout the ages in myth.

# e a Painted Pony



























## SHOPPING

### Babeland

707 E. Pike St.  
Seattle, WA 98122  
(206) 328-2914  
94 Rivington St.  
New York, NY 10002  
(212) 375-1701  
43 Mercer St.  
New York, NY 10013  
(212) 966-2120  
7007 Melrose Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(323) 634-9480  
Mail Order (800) 658-9119  
www.babeland.com

### Come Again Erotic Emporium

353 E. 53rd St.  
New York, NY 10022  
(212) 308-9394

### Come As You Are

701 Queen St. West  
Toronto, ON  
Canada M6J 1E6  
(416) 504-7934  
www.comeasyouare.com

### Condomania

1009 North Orange Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(323) 969-0102  
(800) 9-CONDOM  
351 Bleecker St.  
New York, NY 10014  
(212) 691-9442  
www.condomania.com

### Crimson Phoenix

9921 S.E. Mill St., #5  
Portland, OR 97216  
(503) 228-0129  
www.crimsonphoenix.org

### Cupid's Treasure

3519 N. Halsted St.  
Chicago, IL 60657  
(773) 348-3884

### Dream Dresser

1042 Wisconsin Ave. N.W.  
Washington, DC 20007  
(202) 625-0373

### Early to Bed

5232 N. Sheridan Rd.  
Chicago, IL 60640  
(773) 271-1219  
www.early2bed.com

### Eros Boutique

581A Tremont St.  
Boston, MA 02118  
(617) 425-0345  
www.erosboutique.com

### Eve's Garden

119 W. 57th St., 12th Floor  
New York, NY 10019  
(800) 848-3837  
www.evesgarden.com

### Fantasy Unlimited

2027 Westlake Ave.  
Seattle, WA 98121  
(206) 682-0167

### Forbidden Fruit

*Intimate Items, Educational Center, and Adult Toy Store*  
512 Neches Ave.  
Austin, TX 78701  
(512) 478-8358  
*The Fantasy Boutique*  
108 E. North Loop Blvd.  
Austin, TX 78751  
(512) 453-8090  
www.forbiddenfruit.com

### Good For Her

175 Harbord St.  
Toronto, ON  
Canada, M5S 1H3  
(416) 588-0900  
(877) 588-0900  
www.goodforher.com

### Good Vibrations

603 Valencia St.  
San Francisco, CA 94110  
(415) 522-5460  
1620 Polk St.  
San Francisco, CA 94109  
(415) 345-0400  
2504 San Pablo Ave.  
Berkeley, CA 94702  
(510) 841-8987  
308A Harvard St.  
Brookline, MA 02446  
(617) 731-2626  
Mail Order (800) 289-8423  
www.goodvibes.com

### It's My Pleasure

3106 N.E. 64th Ave.  
Portland, OR 97213  
(503) 280-8080

### Lovecraft

27 Yorkville Ave.  
Toronto, ON  
Canada, M5R 1B7  
(416) 923-7331  
(877) 923-7331  
2200 Dundas St. E.  
Mississauga, ON  
Canada, L4X 2V3  
(905) 276-5772  
www.lovecraftsexshop.com

### Passional

704 S. 5th St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19147  
(215) 829-4986  
(877) UCORSET  
www.passional.net

### Pleasure Chest

7733 Santa Monica Blvd.  
West Hollywood, CA 90046  
(323) 650-1022  
156 7th Ave. S.  
New York, NY 10014  
(212) 242-2158  
3155 N. Broadway  
Chicago, IL 60657  
(797) 525-7151  
(800) 316-9222  
www.thepleasurechest.com

### Pleasure Palace

277 Dalhousie St.  
Ottawa, ON  
Canada, K1N 7E5  
(613) 789-7866

### Pleasure Place

1710 Connecticut Ave.  
Washington, DC 20009  
(202) 483-3297  
1063 Wisconsin Ave.  
Washington, DC 20007  
(202) 333-8570  
www.pleasureplace.com

### Purple Passion

211 W. 20th St.  
New York, NY 10011  
(212) 807-0486  
www.purplepassion.com

### Romantasy

2912 Diamond St., Suite 239  
San Francisco, CA 94131  
(415) 585-0760  
(800) 922-2281  
www.romantasy.com

### Sh!

57 Hoxton Square  
London, N1 6HD UK  
(020) 7613-5458  
www.sh-womenstore.com

### Smitten Kitten

3010 Lyndale Ave. S.  
Minneapolis, MN 55408  
(612) 721-6088  
(888) 751-0523  
www.smittenkittenonline.com

### Spartacus Leathers

300 S.W. 12th Ave.  
Portland, OR 97205  
(503) 224-2604  
www.spartacusleathers.com

### The Stockroom

2807 W. Sunset Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90026  
(213) 484-3882  
(800) 755-TOYS  
www.stockroom.com

### Stormy Leather

1158 Howard St.  
San Francisco, CA 94103  
(415) 626-1672  
(800) 486-9650  
www.stormyleather.com

### Venus Envy

1598 Barrington St.  
Halifax, NS  
Canada, B3J 1Z6  
(902) 422-0004  
(877) 370-9288  
320 Lisgar St.  
Ottawa, ON  
Canada, K2P 0E2  
(613) 789-4646  
www.venusenvy.ca

### A Woman's Touch

600 Williamson St.  
Madison, WI 53703  
(608) 250-1928  
200 N. Jefferson St.  
Milwaukee, WI 53202  
(414) 221-0400  
(888) 621-8880  
www.a-womans-touch.com

### Womyn's Ware

896 Commercial Dr.  
Vancouver, BC  
Canada, V5L 3Y5  
(888) WYM-WARE  
(604) 254-2543  
www.womynsware.com

## SEX ON THE WEB

www.allsexguide.com

www.altsex.org

www.askamy.net

www.bondage.com

www.susiebright.com

www.cleansheets.com

www.cleispress.com

www.cyberdyke.net

www.dykeplanet.com

www.erotica-readers.com

www.femina.com

www.housechicks.com

www.janesguide.com

www.kinkygurl.com

www.lesbiansexmafia.org

www.libidomag.com

www.nla-i.com (National Leather Association)

www.nerve.com

www.nofauxx.com

www.retroraunch.com

www.scarletletters.com

www.sexysappho.com

www.siecus.org (Sexuality Information and Education Council of the U.S.)

www.sexuality.org (Society for Human Sexuality)

www.tinybibles.com  
(Violet Blue)

www.puckerup.com (Tristan Taormino)

www.io.com/~wwwomen/sexuality/index.html (Web by Women for Women)

## SEXUALITY RESOURCES

### American Social Health Association

(919) 361-8400  
www.ashastd.org

### Centers for Disease Control

CDC-INFO (formerly National AIDS Hotline)  
(800) CDC-INFO  
TTY: (888) 232-6348  
www.cdc.gov

### Domestic Violence Hotline

(800) 799-SAFE

### HIV/AIDS Teen Hotline

(800) 440-TEEN

### National Herpes Hotline

(919) 361-8488

### National STD Hotline

(800) 227-8922

### Planned Parenthood

(800) 230-PLAN  
www.plannedparenthood.org

**RAINN** (Rape Abuse and Incest National Network)  
(800) 656-HOPE  
www.rainn.org

### San Francisco Sex Information

(415) 989-7374  
www.sfsi.org

### Seattle Sex Information

(206) 328-7711

## INFORMATIONAL WEBSITES

(Many of the sites listed under **Shopping** have informational pages too.)

### Alternate Sources

www.alternate.com

### Andrea Nemerson's Site for Human Sexuality

www.sfbg.com/asc

### Annie Sprinkle

www.anniesprinkle.org

### Coalition for Positive Sexuality

www.positive.org

### Columbia University Information Site

www.goaskalice.columbia.edu

### Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers

www.fwhc.org

### Gloria G. Brame's SM Site

www.gloria-brame.com

### Human Awareness Institute

www.hai.org

### Dr. Patti Briton

www.yoursexcoach.com

### Queer Resources Directory

www.qrd.org

### Sexual Health Network

www.sexualhealth.com

### The Sex Institute

www.sexquest.com



**MARCH 2006****March 3**

The Queer Playground: A Leather BDSM Play Celebration  
San Francisco, California  
[www.sfcitadel.org](http://www.sfcitadel.org)

**March 3**

Naughty Party  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada  
[www.libidoevents.com](http://www.libidoevents.com)

**March 3-5**

Evoking Divine Passion: A Weekend Workshop in Tantra for Women  
Sebastopol, California  
[www.tantraforwomen.com](http://www.tantraforwomen.com)

**March 4**

A Little More Than a Slap and a Tickle: SM 101  
Seattle, Washington  
[www.libidoevents.com](http://www.libidoevents.com)

**March 9**

I'm Coming! A Guide to Women's Orgasm  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**March 9**

People of Leather Among You  
Los Angeles, California  
[www.lads-la.com](http://www.lads-la.com)

**March 11**

Leather Fleamarket and Play Party  
Washington, D.C.  
[www.the-crucible.com/LF&P.htm](http://www.the-crucible.com/LF&P.htm)

**March 11**

Sin City Fetish Night  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada  
[www.gothic.bc.ca/sincity](http://www.gothic.bc.ca/sincity)

**March 11**

Sex Workers Art Show  
Chicago, Illinois  
[www.sexworkersartshow.com](http://www.sexworkersartshow.com)

**March 12**

London Fetish Fair  
London, United Kingdom  
[www.londonfetishfair.co.uk](http://www.londonfetishfair.co.uk)

**March 16-19**

San Francisco Fetish Ball 2006  
San Francisco, California  
[www.fetish-ball.com](http://www.fetish-ball.com)

**March 17**

SCCLA Leather Night Pet Show  
Santa Clara, California  
[www.scclaleather.org](http://www.scclaleather.org)

**March 18**

Mad Scientist's Ball at Paddles  
New York, New York  
[www.tes.org](http://www.tes.org)

**March 20**

Cheap Thrills: Do-It-Yourself Sex Toys  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**March 22**

Sex Toys 101 for Queer Girls  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**March 24-25**

SMARTFEST 2006  
Cleveland, Ohio  
[www.ohiosmart.org](http://www.ohiosmart.org)

**March 24-26**

Seattle Erotic Art Festival  
Seattle, Washington  
[www.seattleerotic.org](http://www.seattleerotic.org)

**March 24-26**

KinkFest 2006  
Portland, Oregon  
[www.pdxleatheralliance.org/KF2006](http://www.pdxleatheralliance.org/KF2006)

**March 25**

Advanced Tantra-Yoga Workshop  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**March 30-April 2**

Los Angeles Leather Weekend  
Los Angeles, California  
[www.laleatherweekend.com](http://www.laleatherweekend.com)

**March 31**

College Night "Spring Break" Party  
New York, New York  
[www.tes.org](http://www.tes.org)

**APRIL 2006****April 2**

Anal Pleasure 101 with Tristan Taormino  
New York, New York  
[www.puckerup.com](http://www.puckerup.com)

**April 2**

Rope Bondage Bottoming Connection and Intent: An Illustrated Guide with Michele Serchuk and DeLano  
Seattle, Washington  
[www.wetspot.org](http://www.wetspot.org)

**April 5**

Kinky Crafts: Creating Journals  
Seattle, Washington  
[www.wetspot.org](http://www.wetspot.org)

**April 7-9**

Leather Leadership Conference  
New York, New York  
[www.leatherleadership.org](http://www.leatherleadership.org)

**April 8**

Kink Ink, Center for Sex and Culture  
San Francisco, California  
[www.sexandculture.org](http://www.sexandculture.org)

**April 9**

Dommes and Submissives Monthly Munch  
Los Angeles, California  
[www.lads-la.com](http://www.lads-la.com)

**April 13-16**

Frolicon  
Atlanta, Georgia  
[www.frolicon.org](http://www.frolicon.org)

**April 14-June 9**

1st Annual Juried Erotic Art Show  
Bloomington, Indiana  
[www.indiana.edu/~kinsey/services/gallery.html](http://www.indiana.edu/~kinsey/services/gallery.html)

**April 21-23**

American Brotherhood Weekend 2006  
Washington, D.C.  
[www.americanbrotherhood.com](http://www.americanbrotherhood.com)

**April 21-23**

Spanking Club of New York Weekend in the Mountains  
New York, New York  
[www.msmargarettdavis.com](http://www.msmargarettdavis.com)

**April 21-23**

Beat Me in St. Louis X  
St. Louis, Missouri  
[www.stl3.com](http://www.stl3.com)

**April 28-30**

Spring in the South XVIII  
Atlanta, Georgia  
[ass.lambda.net/sits](http://ass.lambda.net/sits)

**April 28-30**

Cleveland Leather Awareness Weekend  
Cleveland, Ohio  
[www.clawinfo.org](http://www.clawinfo.org)

**MAY 2006****May 5-7**

Tribal Fire  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma  
[www.tribalfireokc.com](http://www.tribalfireokc.com)

**May 13**

Dungeon Party  
Phoenix, Arizona  
[www.arizonapowereexchange.org](http://www.arizonapowereexchange.org)

**May 14**

Threshold's Orientation  
Los Angeles, California  
[www.threshold.org](http://www.threshold.org)

**May 18-21**

Master Training VIII  
Washington, D.C.  
[www.masterslavetraining.org](http://www.masterslavetraining.org)

**May 19-21**

Torture Garden Birthday Ball Fetish Weekend  
London, United Kingdom  
[www.torturegarden.com](http://www.torturegarden.com)

**May 26-28**

Women's Sensual Dominance Intensive Weekend  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**May 26-29**

Shibaricon  
Chicago, Illinois  
[www.shibaricon.com](http://www.shibaricon.com)

**May 27**

Masturbate-a-thon  
San Francisco, California  
[www.sexandculture.org](http://www.sexandculture.org)

**May 30**

Hot and Bothered: Playing with Erotic Embarrassment with Midori  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**May 31**

Thud! Percussive Play with Midori  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada  
[www.venusenvy.ca](http://www.venusenvy.ca)

**JUNE 2006****June 9-11**

Southeast Leather Fest  
Decatur, Georgia  
[www.seleatherfest.com](http://www.seleatherfest.com)





## How Silly Is Your Sex Life?

We mean "silly" in a good way, silly.



### 1. Laughter during sex is

- (a) a sign that your animal-print underwear was not the wisest purchase
- (b) evidence of pure glee
- (c) especially great when it's a dirty, evil laugh

### 2. The strangest sound you've ever heard during sex was

- (a) your cat, making it known that she was napping under the bed
- (b) that time your vibrator seemed to go into overdrive
- (c) your lover suddenly spouting a raunchy version of pig latin

### 3. You're sometimes moved to do this while having sex:

- (a) recite poetry
- (b) make animal noises
- (c) sing TV theme songs

### 4. Your idea of fun with food is

- (a) whipped cream everywhere
- (b) your honey slathered with honey
- (c) popping a strong mint in your mouth just before you go down on her

### 5. You're not sure you'll ever live down the time

- (a) your tummy growled really loudly at the worst possible moment
- (b) you tripped over your own feet while doing a striptease
- (c) you got a few hairs caught in your nose ring

### 6. You really wish someone had told you earlier that

- (a) slipping your bra through your sleeve is only sexy when Jennifer Beals does it
- (b) mirrors on the ceiling went out of style around the same time leisure suits did
- (c) "Voulez Vous Coochie" doesn't actually mean anything in any language

### 7. When you say "funny is sexy," you're thinking of

- (a) Ellen DeGeneres
- (b) Margaret Cho

- (c) yourself, doing an impression of Tigger in bed last night

### 8. Admit it—you've been tempted to do this while your lover sleeps:

- (a) put her hair in pigtails
- (b) draw a smiley face on her belly
- (c) put her hand in a bowl of warm water

### 9. Your favorite goofy gift is

- (a) a blow-up doll
- (b) edible underwear
- (c) glow-in-the-dark condoms

### 10. You're staying at a hotel. The people in the room next door get a bit hot and heavy. You

- (a) call the manager
- (b) laugh
- (c) start rapping to the rhythm of their activities

### 11. Your idea of a sexy cartoon or comic book is

- (a) *Wonder Woman*
- (b) *Tank Girl*
- (c) *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*

### 12. Your sense of humor most resembles

- (a) Kate Clinton's
- (b) Tina Fey's
- (c) Sarah Silverman's

### 13. How many dirty jokes do you know?

- (a) Does the one about the girl from Nantucket count?
- (b) Three or four
- (c) I can't count that high—that's what she said!

### 14. Mark the things that have made you giggle during sex:

- ☐ sneezing
- ☐ queefing
- ☐ that squishy noise
- ☐ your lover's increasingly inhuman sounds
- ☐ the strap-on that wouldn't stay strapped on
- ☐ a growly stomach
- ☐ filthy talk that wasn't quite filthy

- enough
- ☐ your mother's voice suddenly coming through the answering machine
- ☐ falling off the bed

### 15. Mark each bit of silliness you've indulged in:

- ☐ blowing up a latex glove like it was a balloon
- ☐ giving your favorite sex toy a name
- ☐ buying day-of-the-week underwear
- ☐ pretending to have an accent (French, Italian, anything) during foreplay
- ☐ singing the "Hallelujah" chorus as you come
- ☐ using your lover's sock as a puppet

### Scoring:

Give yourself one point for each "a" answer, two points for each "b," and three points for each "c." Count one point for each answer in questions 14 and 15.

### The knock-knock joke (25 points and below):

You tend to prefer grand passion to the big punch line. Lighten up a little—laughter releases endorphins and makes it all that much hotter!

### The romantic comedy (26-39 points):

You keep things light and sweet. Sex with you is giddy and giggly—good dirty fun!

### The laugh riot (40 points and up):

You keep 'em laughin'—even when they may be expecting you to get serious. Everyone loves the class clown, but make sure the joke's not on you!



# MARCH

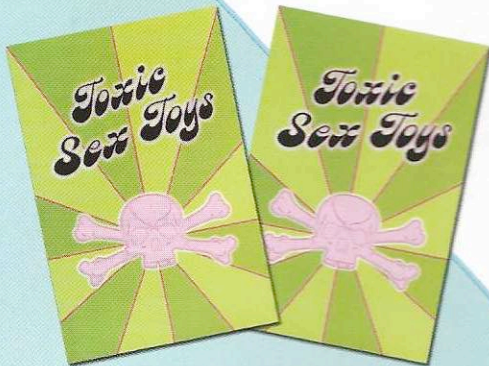
your jelly sex toys to the trash can!

coupon code: **silicone**

Silicone is the only safe soft material that sex toys are made of. Silicone is **non-porous** (no need for condoms), can be sterilized (boil in plain water for 3 minutes), is **non-toxic**, **hypoallergenic**, and has **no taste or smell**.

## 20% OFF

healthy silicone replacement toys!



Free Info!

Add a "Toxic Sex Toys" card to your order and get the info you need to be a smart sex toy consumer.

What do I need to know about jelly sex toys?

Jelly sex toys are porous (impossible to clean), harbor bacteria, fungi and viruses, irritate skin, and may contain toxic chemicals (phthalates) harmful to you and the environment. Search "phthalates" online to learn more about the health risks associated with these chemicals.

How do I know if I have a jelly sex toy?

Jelly sex toys may feel oily or greasy to the touch. The chemicals used in these toys "off-gas" giving them a distinct plastic smell much like a new shower curtain. They also may be "pleasantly scented."

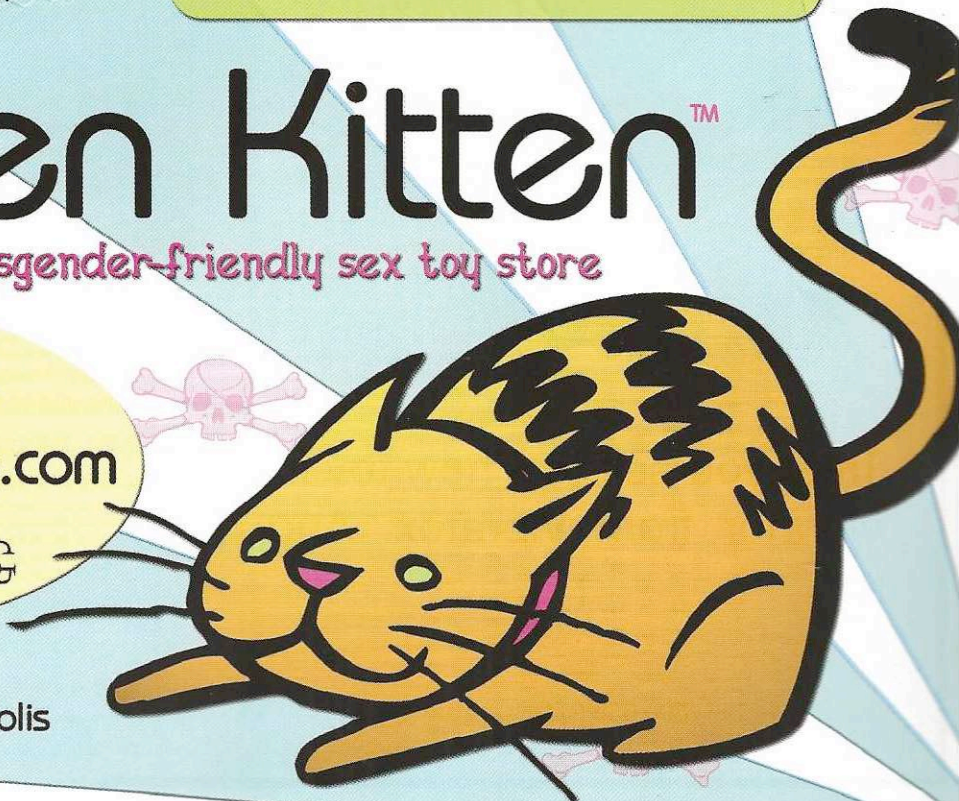
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